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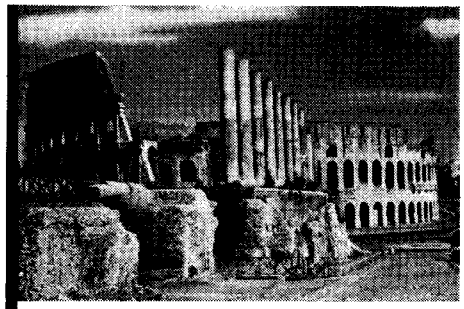
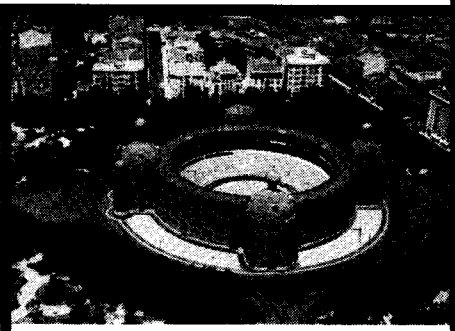


1. ☐ The Amphitheatre, Nimes, France
   ☐ The Colosseum, Rome, Italy
   ☐ Open-air Theater, Epidavros, Greece

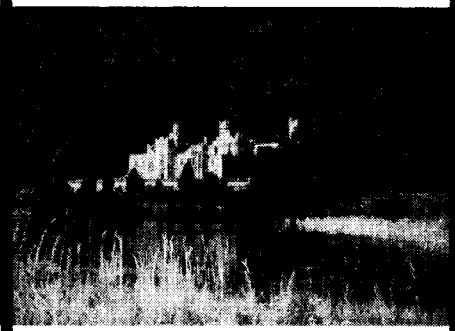
2. ☐ St. Mark's Fort, Trogir, Yugoslavia
   ☐ Olavinlinna Castle, Finland
   ☐ Castle of Hollenfels, Luxembourg



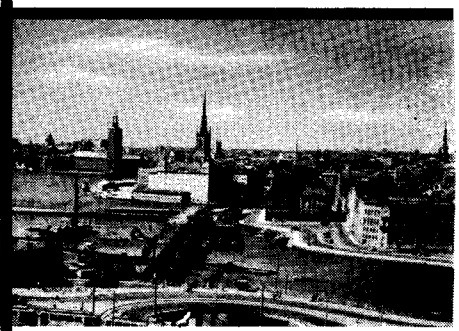
3. ☐ Bullfight Ring, Lisbon, Portugal
   ☐ Wembley Stadium, London, England
   ☐ The Hippodrome, Istanbul, Turkey

4. ☐ The Alcazar, Segovia, Spain
   ☐ The Chateau de Walzin, Belgium
   ☐ Neuschwanstein Castle, Germany

5. ☐ St. Moritz, Switzerland
   ☐ Heiligenblut, Austria
   ☐ Hardangerfjord, Norway



6. ☐ The Prince's Palace, Monaco
   ☐ Egeskov Mansion, Funen, Denmark
   ☐ Kylemore Abbey, Galway, Ireland



7. ☐ Reykjavik, Iceland
   ☐ Delft, Netherlands
   ☐ Stockholm, Sweden

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1. The Colosseum, Rome, Italy. 2. Castle of Hollenfels, Luxembourg. 3. Bullfight Ring, Lisbon, Portugal. 4. Neuschwanstein Castle, Bavaria, Germany. 5. The village of Heiligenblut, Austria. 6. Kylemore Abbey, Galway, Ireland. 7. The Old City, Stockholm, Sweden.

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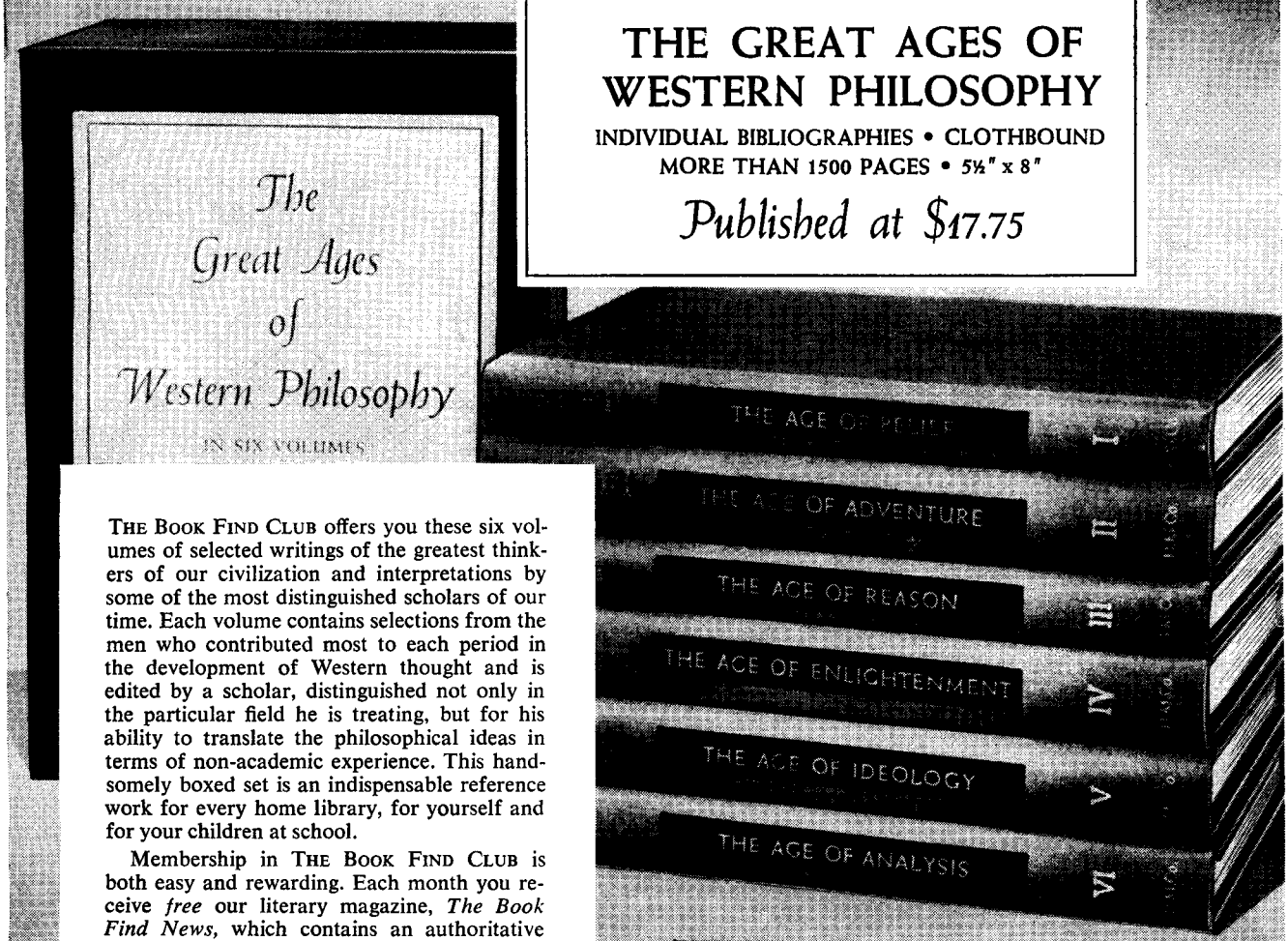
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Mr. Hollister's Secret

The appointment of an unconverted head-hunter to preach the gospel to missionaries simmering in a cauldron would be no stranger than some of President Eisenhower's appointments. It was as though he wanted men around him who could administer programs to death without so much as a low moan from the victim.

So it seemed at least with his 1955 choice of John B. Hollister to head the International Cooperation Administration. A partner in the Cincinnati law firm of the late Senator Robert A. Taft and a Republican for whom "foreign economic aid" and "operation rathole" were interchangeable terms, his chief qualification was his dedicated hostility to the program he was picked to direct.

Mr. Hollister has now bestowed on the Eisenhower Presidency a parting gift. Hailed by one of his euphoric aides as a new "Magna Carta" for economic assistance, it is a masterpiece of irresponsible nonsense. It has embarrassed the State Department's efforts to persuade underdeveloped countries not to seek authoritarian solutions for the economic needs they face, and especially the need for capital accumulations. It has compromised the administration's prospects for getting from the new session of Congress a truly meaningful economic-aid program. And it has made the American government as a whole look silly in the eyes of the world.

It is an understatement to say that the timing of Mr. Hollister's parting gift was rather peculiar. Under Secretary of State Christian Herter, whose name was down as approving the new "Magna Carta," was in the Far East. Mr. Hollister himself had already resigned as director of the ICA. His successor, James H. Smith, Jr., was not due to take office until October 8—a fact used by the White House to excuse its failure to do anything about the expiration of Eric Johnston's term as chairman of the ICA's International Development Advisory Board.

STILL, as a lame-duck administrator Mr. Hollister on September 11 authorized his press agent, William J. Caldwell, to make public a secret policy directive dispatched to all ICA foreign outposts on September 3. As released to the sound of drums and flourishes by Caldwell, it did seem to the uninitiated that here, in fact, was something radically new. ICA agents in nations receiving American aid were to inform the respective governments that American policy henceforth would be to "encourage the development of private sectors of their economies," and that the ICA would "normally not be prepared to finance publicly owned industrial and extractive enterprises, although it is realized that there may be exceptions."

The State Department's reaction was worried and angry—and for many reasons, not least of which was that the new Magna Carta was not new at all. It has always been American policy to favor private enterprise wherever possible, and to view loans for the development of state-owned industries as exceptional cases. If the exceptions tended to become more normal than was liked, it was because the normal state of affairs in underdeveloped countries is an abnormal lack of private capital and technical know-how that could put American aid to good use in industrial expansion. Such limited resources as were to be found had to be husbanded by the central government for the benefit of the economy as a whole.

Indeed, the document which Mr. Hollister issued with such fanfare originated in the State Department's almost routine reply to a springtime request from the Council on Foreign Economic Policy, headed by Clarence Randall. The council, having asked for a statement of U.S. policy toward private enterprise abroad, received the reply that eventually bore Under Secretary Herter's signature. It was not new or revolutionary. Nor was it meant for public release. It was meant to be a purely internal communication, putting down on paper what our rightfully unspoken policy has been all along. It acquired its doctrinal novelty only from the circumstances of its highly publicized release by an eager press officer, acting with the approval of the departing Mr. Hollister.

The whole of this mess poses a question. If, as Marshal Joffre once said, "It takes fourteen thousand casualties to train one major general," how many more casualties must it take before a President is sufficiently trained to use his appointive powers in ways that will not destroy the avowed purposes of his administration?

The Doughnut and the Hole

Henry Adams said that work is the American vice, and he wasn't far wrong. Puritan heritage, unresolved Oedipus complex from too much Momism, don't know how to let up and live a little—that sort of thing. It's hard to face the fact that you're nothing but an old stick-in-the-mud, but for us here at *The Reporter* there seems no escape.

It was a clipping from a French newspaper that gave us a sudden, shocking glimpse of the sort of people we really are. You see, when we tried to think up a suitable title for Robert Bendiner's article in our August 8 issue on the coming Era of Leisure, the best we could do was something about the four-day work week. Now when the editors of *Paris-Presse* decided to give their readers a summary of the same article, they chose a very different sort of headline: "QU' ALLONS-NOUS FAIRE PENDANT LES WEEK-END DE TROIS JOURS?" was the screamer, and un-

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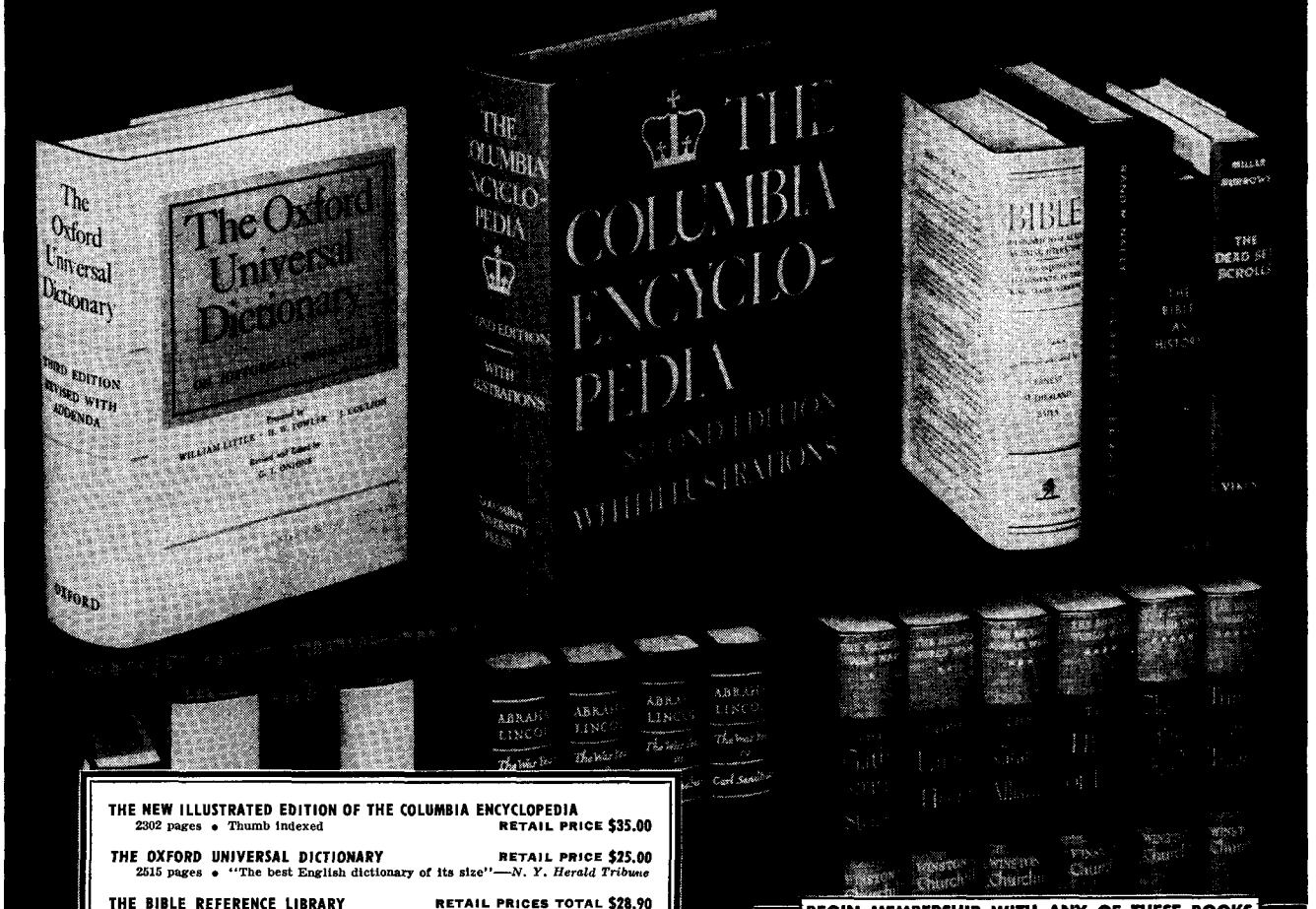

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derneath it appeared the words *"se demandent avec angoisse les Américains."*

The French obviously think that we are anguished at the prospect of our leisure—while they could take it in their stride.

Congratulations, but . . .

Chancellor Adenauer's smashing electoral victory has left the opposing German Socialists in utter rout and the Soviet camp dismayed. Its scope and magnitude has astonished even Dr. Adenauer's supporters in the Federal Republic and throughout the West. The Germans' resounding vote of confidence in their western-minded chieftain as against Socialist obstructionism and Communist threats has given a new sense of confidence to all people on this side of the Curtain. Yet there are a few circumstances of that election that call for tempered judgment.

The Socialists, of course, made matters easier for Adenauer by equivocating on the Republic's relationship with the East, suggesting the possibilities of a German reunification deal without any indication that they could possibly succeed. The Soviets, meanwhile, made matters harder for the Socialists by taking just this moment to remind everyone that their terms would be stiff. Since the German voter soon saw that neither side could bring about reunification, the campaign soon descended to mutual name-calling and the appeal of the full dinner pail—admittedly overflowing in Adenauer's revived Germany.

According to British, French, and German reporters who followed the contest far more closely than ours did, Adenauer himself only rarely rose above what was often termed this "primitive" level—a level not too different from that of our Presidential campaigns. A *Daily Telegraph* correspondent remarked that in England they would not consider his speeches suitable for a mature audience. *Le Monde* reported on the lack of serious debate of Germany's affairs amid simple appeals to the preservation of a prosperous *status quo* and the creation of a "cult of personality" around the figure of the venerable chancellor. The independent German weekly *Der Spiegel* was particularly affronted by this almost Bismarckian build-up of the Grand Old Man of Bonn. It reported repeated occasions on which he had appeared before the electorate preceded by heralds, police, brass bands, and prearranged demonstrations with cordons of strong-arm boys, as if he were a touring proconsul, and addressed the faithful at rallies to which admission was by double-checked card only.

NATIONAL habits are not shed easily, even when given another name. The ideas of democracy and free enterprise are as revered in Germany as they are here, but the German urge to worship a father image persists. Adenauer appears as a straight-backed patriarch, the more estimable to most Germans because he was never compromised by the back-street mob of Nazidom—but a patriarch still, and in fact more popular by honest vote tally than any who has gone before. This vote, which gave Adenauer the unique reward in German history of an absolute popular majority may be a measure of Germany's contribution to the democratic cause. It could also conceivably lead to the undermining of that cause if a proud, restored West Germany reverts to the old habit of uncritical obedience.

We Americans know something about this papa-knows-best attitude. But somehow we have so far managed to get over our swooning spells, no matter how prolonged. Or perhaps we have been lucky. The Germans can use that kind of luck.

The Trumpeter Sounds

Louis Armstrong, ambassador extraordinary and trumpeter plenipotentiary, was recently in a deep-blue mood quite foreign to his genial personality. Refusing to go on a government-sponsored good-will trip to the Soviet Union, he told the worlds, free and totalitarian, why: "The way they are treating my people in the South, the government can go to hell." And he added that the President is "two-faced."

Satchmo's words carry far and fast. Not to the golf course at the Newport Country Club, perhaps, but everywhere else in the world.

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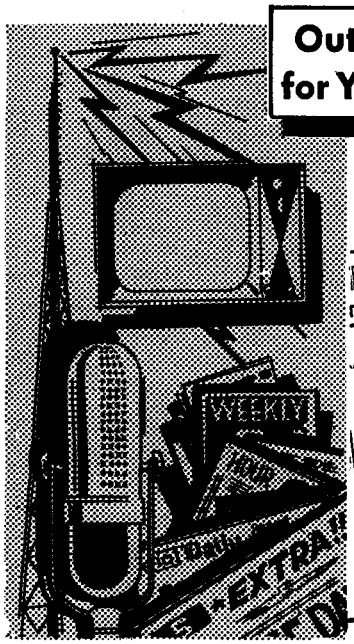

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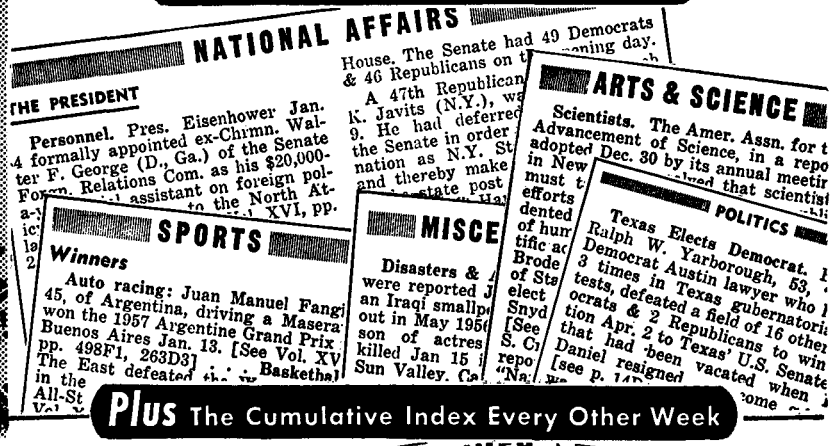

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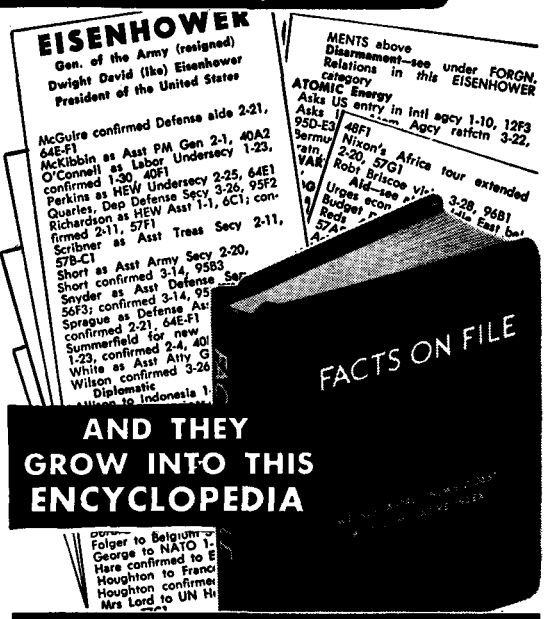
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Scribner as Asst Treas Secy 2-11, 57B-C1
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Sprague as Defense As confirmed 2-21, 64E-F1
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THE Democratic Roosevelt

by Rexford G. Tugwell

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CIVIL-RIGHTS ACT

To the Editor: Dean Acheson was a great Secretary of State because he never fooled himself about our international accomplishments or sought to palm off on the public some small progress as a historic victory. He must have temporarily exchanged these statesmanlike virtues for an overdose of Democratic Party euphoria when he wrote in *The Reporter* for September 5 that the civil-rights bill is the greatest achievement in this field "since the Thirteenth Amendment."

The Negro press and many Negro leaders (and Wayne Morse, and many others too) have denounced the civil-rights bill passed by the Senate as "worse than nothing." Sixteen of the foremost civil-rights organizations, including the N.A.A.C.P., U.A.W., and A.D.A. (and Paul Douglas, and many others too), have stated that they were "bitterly disappointed" by the Senate watering-down of the administration's civil-rights bill and accepted the bill only because it was the best that could be obtained in the present political climate. Mr. Acheson's assertion that "the bill as passed by the Senate is in every way an improvement over the bill the Senate received . . . from the point of view of the actual achievement of civil rights" contravenes the almost unanimous position of experienced civil-rights advocates against the Senate amendments to the bill; it also mistakes retreat for improvement.

The most important provision in the administration's civil-rights bill as it passed the House was Part III authorizing the Attorney General to bring suit in support of the Supreme Court's desegregation decisions. The need for such government suits has been accentuated by the actions of the Southern states in padlocking the Negro out of the Federal courts—by "anti-barratry" laws, by harassment of the N.A.A.C.P., and by organized pressure against Negroes daring to use the Federal courts to vindicate their rights. It is just this type of action and of pressure that made it possible for Senator Russell to proudly repeat throughout the civil-rights debate that there had been no suits in Georgia to force school integration.

The Senate's action in deleting Part III was nothing less than a vote of "no confidence" in the Supreme Court's historic anti-segregation decisions. It amounted to a declaration that Fourteenth Amendment rights were second-class rights unworthy of Congressional support. One cannot help but feel that Governor Faubus of Arkansas found encouragement in the Senate's vote of "no confidence" in the Supreme Court's actions when he called out the National Guard to prevent the enforcement of the Federal court order to integrate the Little Rock schools.

How then does Mr. Acheson support his contention that "The elimination of Part III was undiluted gain"? Primarily by arguing that "Before anyone is permitted to bewail the demise of this Part, he ought to be forced to read the innumerable opinions of the [Supreme] Court" in the Screws and Williams cases. But Mr. Acheson must himself have read these cases too quickly, for he overlooks the fact that they involved criminal statutes not in any way incorporated into or related to Part III and in no way relevant to its interpretation.

Actually, the role played by the poor draftsmanship of Part III has been grossly exaggerated; carefully drafted and much-simplified versions of Part III were presented to Majority Leader Johnson several times during the debates and each time were summarily rejected by him. The only way in which the deletion of Part III can be deemed "undiluted gain" is by accepting an indefinite postponement of the integration of the schools in the Deep South and by rewriting the Supreme Court's direction for integration "with all deliberate speed" into integration in the next generation. Is Mr. Acheson or *The Reporter* seriously contending for such a result?

Besides deleting Part III of the bill, the Senate added an amendment requiring jury trials for criminal contempts. But the jury-trial proposal was brought forth not as a means of making the Federal judicial system work more fairly but as a method of preventing the enforcement of civil rights. What has happened, and what was bound to happen once the Senate acted, is that we now have a jury-trial provision limited to criminal contempts for violating the rights of Negroes to vote. In other words, the civil-rights law, the first such law since the Reconstruction, itself contains a discrimination against the very Negroes it seeks to protect.

DESPITE all this, I believe the new law is a substantial contribution to the right to vote. Conscientious Federal judges will find ways, as Carl A. Auerbach wrote in the same issue of *The Reporter,* to protect the Negroes' right to vote. I also believe that the new Assistant Attorney General and the new commissioners, if the President appoints civil-rights advocates to these positions, can do much to make all Americans first-class citizens. But it does neither the new law nor the long-time fight for civil rights a service to suggest that it is the best of all possible bills. It was a political compromise engineered to cut Democratic losses in this area and, like all such compromises, contains elements of good and bad.

The fight for enactment of Part III and for other civil-rights legislation will open with the next session of Congress. I trust that the readers of *The Reporter* will not feel that the battle has been won and no longer needs their support.

JOSEPH L. RAUH, JR.
National Vice Chairman
Americans for Democratic Action

(Frankly, I had no idea that the recently passed civil-rights law—a law that, according to Mr. Rauh, "is a substantial contribution to the right to vote"—could be charged with so many iniquities. But Mr. Rauh seems to have no doubts: He thinks that this bill aimed at strengthening the Fifteenth Amendment, debases the Fourteenth; he goes so far as to say that had Part III been left in

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the bill, Governor Faubus—that liberal Democrat—would not have acted the way he did. Perhaps—who knows?—had Part III been passed, the administration would have used all its old and new powers against the Arkansas governor, and there would have been no summit conference at Newport between the two Chief Executives.

Mr. Rauh is obviously convinced that all the rights of the Negro citizens down South should have been taken care of wholesale. Yet he is too competent a lawyer not to know that the enforcement of a law is seldom, if ever, the automatic result of its enactment. In this particular case, I think that Congress is to be congratulated for having passed a law which is good in itself and which even this administration cannot easily avoid enforcing.—M.A.)

SCHOOLS: DECISIVE INACTION

To the Editor: Sidney Hyman's article in *The Reporter* for September 19, "The Eisenhower Glow Is Fading Away," rings true on the school-construction issue. The President could undoubtedly have had a law almost exactly as he said he wanted either in 1956 or 1957. His inaction was decisive both years.

In 1957 the facts were even more in accord with Mr. Hyman's general thesis than he claimed in the article. The administration and all members of the House committee who favored any legislation at all had agreed on H.R. 1, the bill that was defeated. It did not contain the original Democratic proposal for allocation to the states on the basis of school-age population but rather a compromise formula favoring the lowest-income states approximately two to one over the highest-income states. The original administration proposal was three to one. HEW Secretary Marion B. Folsom and Representative Samuel K. McConnell, the Republican floor manager for the bill, were profoundly disappointed at the failure of the President to support H.R. 1.

Allocation of Federal funds for school construction to *states* "according to need" is a shibboleth. School-construction needs should be measured more by local districts than by states. Many local districts in so-called wealthy states need school facilities they are unable to finance. Some districts in every state have only five or ten per cent as much fiscal capacity per school child as others.

In recognition of these realities, HR 1 provided for distribution of Federal funds by each state to its local districts under a system of priorities "according to need" in those districts.

The school-age population formula for allocation of Federal school-construction funds to the *states* is desirable and fully defensible. A majority of the chief state school officers have repeatedly favored it.

The President was as unreasonable in refusing to support the two-to-one compromise formula of H.R. 1 as he was negligent in not knowing that the House Democrats had *accepted the three-to-one formula near the* end of the 1957 debate.

EDGAR FULLER
Executive Secretary
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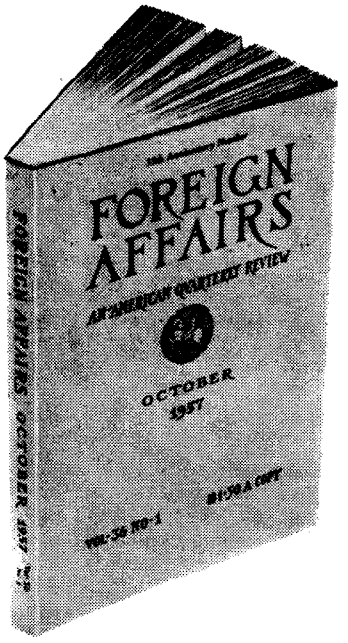

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THERE ARE many people, particularly among the administration leaders, who are all too inclined to forget the great strides the Russians have made in the development of new weapons. Unfortunately, and regretfully, we cannot share this inclination and bury our heads in the sand, nor can we rest on the assumption that the superiority of American technology over that of all other nations is a sort of God-given, unalienable right. In this issue we take a look at what is done on the other side of the fence and at what is being done on our side. **Isaac Deutscher** reports on an interview that Marshal Vershinin, head of the Soviet Air Force, gave to *Pravda*. Few of our major newspapers featured the marshal's statements. The almost humorous calm with which he made them is as impressive as their content: The Russians have caught up with us, the marshal said, and in many fields of offense and defense they have gone us one better. Mr. Deutscher, who usually writes for us on Russian matters, is no novice in military affairs. For nearly five years during the war he was the London *Economist's* military correspondent.

Those responsible for our defense system, as the two articles by **Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr.,** and **S. L. A. Marshall** (Brigadier General, U.S.A. Ret.) amply demonstrate, may have been penny or dollar wise, but it is to be doubted that they have served the nation well. Probably they were ill-informed or unlucky in their assessment of Communist progress in armament. But the most serious lack on our side has been in unity and discipline of effort, especially in the field of missile development. Mr. Katzenbach, director of the Defense Study Program, School of Public Administration, Harvard, demonstrates that what has been badly needed for too long is someone with full responsibility and authority in command of the program. General Marshall, military analyst and chief editorial writer for the Detroit *News*, has written an article that is more concerned with soldiers than with weapons. He discusses the trained reserve on which our country must count if it is to win a war. Here, too, Mr. Katzenbach and General Marshall reach a same general conclusion: In the absence of overriding strategic and diplomatic principles, the arithmetic of money-saving prevails. Our editorial position on this subject was stated by **Max Ascoli** in our issue of September 19. We shall have much more to say on the matter.

THE PLIGHT of our cities, especially of the big ones, represents one of our major political problems. **Lois Balcom,** formerly Associate Professor of Psychology at Ithaca College, now associated with a New York firm of architects and city planners, describes what is being accomplished in a few American cities. . . . Integration, still the object of bitter controversy, and not only in the South, has been successfully achieved in our armed forces. **David Halberstam,** who has contributed articles on the South and who is now a private in the Army, has interviewed his drill instructor. The sergeant is a Negro. . . . The so-called Byrd machine, that feature of the Virginia landscape which is seemingly as perennial as Mount Vernon, is described by **Benjamin Muse,** the editor of a weekly newspaper in Manassas, and a regular columnist in the Sunday Washington *Post and Times Herald*. . . . On several occasions we have published reports on the native revolt in Algeria. **Peter Throckmorton** spent several weeks with the rebels. His TV documentaries have been seen on the news programs of the major networks. . . . For those perturbed by the trial in Japan of Private Girard, **Hermine Herta Meyer,** a Washington lawyer, has some reassuring things to say. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is New York Editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **William Sansom's** article is excerpted from *The Icicle and the Sun*, to be published by Reynal next fall. . . . **Richard Ellmann** is a Professor of English at Northwestern University. . . . **Norman St. John-Stevas** is an English writer now in this country.

Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

Weapons and the Budget

THE NEW SOVIET STRATEGY . . . . . *Isaac Deutscher* 10
THE U.S. MISSILE MUDDLE . . . . . *Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr.* 12
HOW READY IS OUR READY RESERVE? . . . . . *S. L. A. Marshall* 16

At Home & Abroad

THE BEST HOPE FOR OUR BIG CITIES . . . . . *Lois Balcom* 19
THE ARMY LOOKS GOOD TO JOHNNIE LAWRENCE . . . . *David Halberstam* 24
THE DURABILITY OF THE BYRD MACHINE . . . . . *Benjamin Muse* 26
UNFINISHED BUSINESS . . . . . *Eric Sevareid* 30
A FIRSTHAND REPORT ON THE ALGERIAN REBELS . . . *Peter Throckmorton* 31
CAN U.S. TROOPS GET JUSTICE IN FOREIGN COURTS? . . *Hermine Herta Meyer* 33

Views & Reviews

THE LATE OPERAS OF RICHARD STRAUSS . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 37
THE SUN AND THE ICICLE . . . . . *William Sansom* 40
THE AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY OF JAMES GOULD COZZENS . . *Richard Ellmann* 42
THE DENTURES ARE FREE AND THERE'S ROOM AT THE TOP . . . . . *Norman St. John-Stevas* 44
GENERAL PATTON AND A PROPER BOSTONIAN . . . . *William Harlan Hale* 46
Book Notes: FRANCE . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 47

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The New Soviet Strategy

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

In an interview with Marshal K. A. Vershinin, commander in chief of the Soviet Air Force, the September 8 issue of *Pravda* contains the most important elements of a revision in strategic thinking that the Soviet high command seems to have carried out, and the outline of what may be described as the new Soviet strategic doctrine.

The interview is the first outward sign of an official recognition by the Soviet military leadership of the supremacy of aviation over all other armed forces. This recognition, it should be remarked, goes against the grain of Russia's traditional military thought, which has been determined primarily by Russia's position as a land power. Until quite recently Russian military thought was dominated by the idea of the unshaken pre-eminence of land forces and of the decisive importance of infantry that, mechanized and modernized, was still supposed to remain "the queen of arms." This line of thought, sustained by the experience of the last war, remained prevalent and was, so it seems, virtually unchallenged until two or three years ago. Only the latest developments in war technology appear to have brought about a definite readjustment in strategic conceptions.

Views, Aspirations, and Claims

It is unlikely that Marshal Vershinin should have voiced only the views and aspirations of the Soviet Air Force and its leaders. The Soviet government would hardly permit a controversy over the relative importance of various arms comparable to that which has been going on in the United States for years to be conducted or even alluded to in public. Nor would it allow the spokesmen of the various forces to stake out their sectional and competitive claims in this way. No doubt the Soviet high command has had its share of conflicts of views and claims. But Marshal Vershinin's statement probably represents the main elements of an agreed and "integrated" doctrine on which the unified command of the Soviet armed forces now bases itself.

The paradox of the recognition by the U.S.S.R. of the supremacy of aviation is that the recognition comes at a time when, according to Marshal Vershinin, the traditional air force has entered into a period of eclipse. One can speak of its supremacy only conditionally; that is, only if one considers the new developments in ballistic technology as belonging to the domain of the air force. Marshal Vershinin has in fact drawn up an interim balance of these developments and of their effects on the relative positions of the great powers and the military blocs.

It is significant that the marshal is not inclined to overstate and overdramatize the importance of the intercontinental rocket, which,

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according to an official announcement, has been successfully tested in the U.S.S.R. He may even appear to underplay it. He does not claim that the intercontinental rocket by itself has shattered the strategic structure of NATO but he does claim that this structure has been crumbling under the impact of a much wider revolution in military technology, a revolution of which the invention and manufacturing of the intercontinental rocket is only one instance. He sees the development of the "ordinary" atomic and hydrogen rockets as the decisive phase of that revolution, radically altering the whole aspect of modern war.

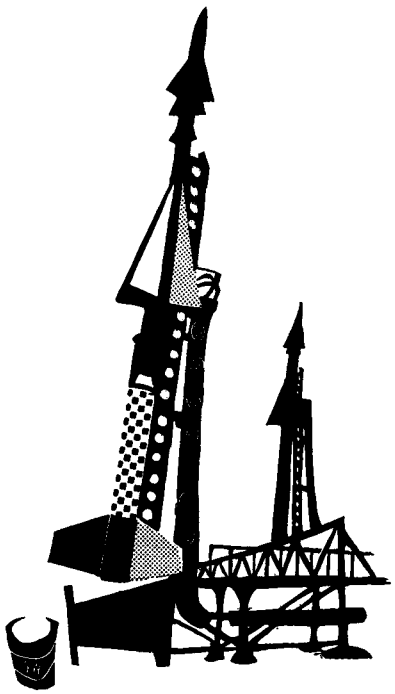
Marshal Vershinin holds that by means of those "ordinary" missiles Russia is in a position to put out of action or destroy all NATO bases in Europe and the Middle East at the very outset of war. These NATO outposts appear to him as relics of an epoch in which the United States could still rely on the decisive superiority of its striking power and could plan to unleash that power from a concentric chain of bases situated near Russia's vital centers and yet remain relatively immune from Russian retaliation. "One can only be surprised," the marshal says, "by the shortsightedness of those who make no allowance for the fact that if their bases are close *to* us, then they are also not far *from* us." Eight or even five years ago the NATO bases may indeed have been close to Russia and yet in a sense far away, but today they are not.

EVEN the "ordinary" guided missile, Marshal Vershinin argues, has changed the relative importance and the functions and uses of such older weapons as the submarine, the strategic bomber, and the aircraft carrier. Hitherto the submarine has been employed mainly in the disruption of maritime communication lines and occasionally in short-range coastal bombardment. It can now be used for long-range atomic and hydrogen bombardment of enemy territory. The submarine can thus assume the functions of the aircraft carrier and, being less vulnerable, can supersede it.

From the Russian viewpoint this is all the more important because geographic and economic reasons have kept Russia far behind the United States in the production of aircraft carriers while at the same time Russia has greatly developed its submarine fleet. The transformation of the submarine into a carrier of atomic and hydrogen missiles has relieved Russia from the effects of its geographic and economic handicaps vis-à-vis the United States. Indeed, when Marshal Vershinin speaks of the United States's new vulnerability and describes the assortment of weapons that can be deployed against the vital centers of the American continent, he places at least as much emphasis on the submarine as on the intercontinental rocket.

Bombers and Rockets

It is in this context that he also speaks of the virtual eclipse of the strategic bomber. But he does it in a tone suggesting that the Soviet high command may still regard this



as an open question. He makes a case for the rocket as against the bomber on the basis that the striking power of the rocket is far more reliable and that in the present state of technology there is no effective defense against it. However, when he lists the weapons that may be deployed against, say, New York and Chicago, he still finds use for the bomber alongside the submarine and the guided missile.

It is against this background that the chief of Soviet military aviation views the intercontinental rocket. He refrains, of course, from disclosing details, but he is definite and even emphatic about two points: that the rocket can reach "the most remote regions of any continent on the globe" and that it carries a hydrogen bomb. There is, in my view, no ground for supposing that in saying this Marshal Vershinin was engaging only in advance publicity for a technological feat that Russia has still to achieve.

Has the Soviet high command come to accept the view that in a future war the strategic decision can be obtained by means of a series of simultaneously staged atomic-cum-hydrogen Pearl Harbor attacks? On this point Marshal Vershinin is rather obscure and self-contradictory. He begins his argument by deriding Hitler's blitzkrieg illusions and the views of those in the West who appear to be believers in "the first knockout blows." But then the whole trend of his reasoning points to the conclusion that the blitzkrieg idea may be, after all, no longer fantastic. Moreover, he intimates that if any power has a chance of waging a successful blitzkrieg then it is the U.S.S.R. rather than the United States, because the U.S.S.R. enjoys the advantages of a far greater dispersal of its vital centers over a much vaster territory. Thus even in the atomic Armageddon, space would still remain Russia's ally.

BUT the marshal does not dwell on this advantage too much. He emphasizes the destruction and desolation to which Russia, too, would be exposed, and when he says that a single hydrogen bomb would suffice "to make life temporarily impossible in the whole of the Ruhr area," no Russian can fail to deduce that the effect of such a bomb on the Donetz Basin would be the same. It is only fair to add that throughout the interview, Marshal Vershinin is extremely careful to avoid bluster and threat and that he speaks of the destructive force and the long range of the new weapons in Russia's

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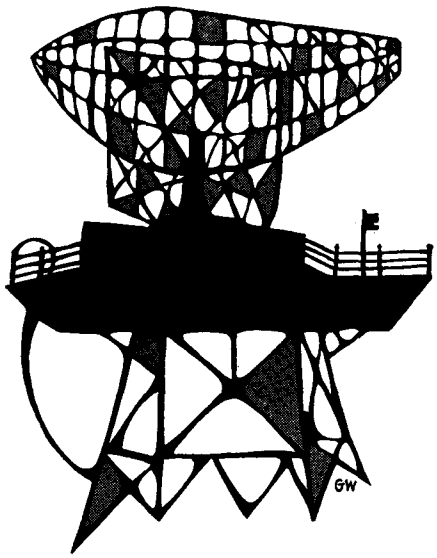
armory in a tone of foreboding. But however circumspect his tone, it cannot soften the grimness of the dangers he describes.

Marshal Vershinin's words are a commentary on the deadlock reached in the London disarmament negotiations, and they may have been prompted also by recent international tension over Syria. They appear to address to the NATO powers, or rather to the United States, the following propositions: first, that the new weapons in Russia's armory have made the whole military structure of the western alliance obsolete (but only on condition that Russia retains and continues to develop these weapons); second, that as long as the NATO structure remains in being Russia has no interest in reducing its armory and allowing any western inspection; and, finally, that the United States, in view of its present vulnerability, has a new and vital interest in revising its strategy, withdrawing from European and Middle Eastern perimeters and seeking direct agreement with Russia.

THE SOVIET military leaders can hardly believe that these propositions will be eagerly listened to beyond the Atlantic. Marshal Vershinin's statement sounds therefore like a signal for the continuation of the arms race in the new strategic situation. It is perhaps not a matter of chance that the signal has come from a military leader and not from Khrushchev.



The U.S. Missile Muddle

EDWARD L. KATZENBACH, JR.

IN ITS AUGUST issue *Fortune* magazine printed a reassuring article, "America's Widening Military Margin." Its thesis was that "Behind the disarmament talks lies the fact that technological competition with the U.S. is proving too much for the U.S.S.R." Yet on the next to last day of August, the Pentagon announced that late last spring there had been in the U.S.S.R. at least four and probably six firings of the intercontinental missile. At first glance it looked as though the *Fortune* thesis had had the misfortune to run afoul of some hidden facts. At second glance it looks as though those facts were available for even *Fortune* to see.

Neither inside nor outside the administration was any great worry apparent. President Eisenhower set the tone. "For a long time," he said, "the long-range missile is not going to provide the best means of delivering an explosive charge, and that is all it is for." With this, and little more, he moved on to other matters.

It was all rather like the day after the announcement that the Russians had detonated an A-bomb. When in September, 1949, President Truman announced, "We have evidence that within recent weeks an atomic explosion occurred in the U.S.S.R.," General Eisenhower greeted the news quite calmly. "I see no reason why a development that was anticipated years ago should cause any revolutionary change in our thinking or our actions," he said. Six months later, before a Senate Appropriations subcommittee, he supported a comparatively small defense budget of $13.1 billion on the very eve of the war in Korea. Apparently he really didn't think the explosion had made any vital difference.

Last May, while the Convair Atlas, the first U.S. intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM), was being moved to the testing site at Cape Canaveral, Florida, the Soviets were actually testing theirs. When Atlas was tested in June it was a flop. And while the Soviets have reportedly been test-firing an intermediate-range ballistic missile (IRBM) of 900-mile range for something like two years, we have been testing our two intermediate-range 1,500-mile missiles, the Air Force's Thor and the Army's Jupiter, for only a year or so. Note that the 900-mile and 1,500-mile missiles are comparable weapons. From our overseas bases we need the additional range to get to the heart of Russia, whereas the Soviet missiles can reach our bases abroad from launching stations in the satellite countries.

In a press conference on September 10, retiring Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson expressed his general satisfaction with progress in the development of missiles but said that he did not know "for sure" which side—the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. —was ahead. Nine days later, however, at another press conference he had no hesitation in stating that we had been outdistancing the Soviet Union in military power since 1953. That included the missiles field, he added. Had he wished, he could have claimed months ago that we had successfully tested a ballistic rocket with the capacity to hit any part of the world.

IT SEEMS to be clear that Secretary Wilson has contradicted himself. To know something about the present state of our missiles program, it is better to look at other non-classified sources of information.

Aviation Week has said that while launchings at Cape Canaveral are being photographed by visiting picnickers, official information policy "has its head buried deep in the Florida sand like an ostrich and takes the attitude that these firings are top secret and nobody knows anything about them." It said also that from some movie films shown in six hundred European movie

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houses technical experts could reconstruct such details as the type of fuel being burned, "the exact component that failed and many other details." Only the American people—not the enemy—are kept in the dark.

How Far Can SAC Go?

It has been said by our military leaders, among them NATO Supreme Commander General Lauris Norstad, that we still have a lead over the Russians in manned aircraft. This is due to the Strategic Air Command. But how long are we going to hold this advantage?

SAC is a military instrument with the mission of destroying military targets. It is designed to be used primarily against enemy airbases. But the new missiles can be camouflaged more effectively than airfields, and therefore when missiles become operational, SAC's effectiveness will be blunted and it will no longer be able to destroy the enemy's offensive potential.

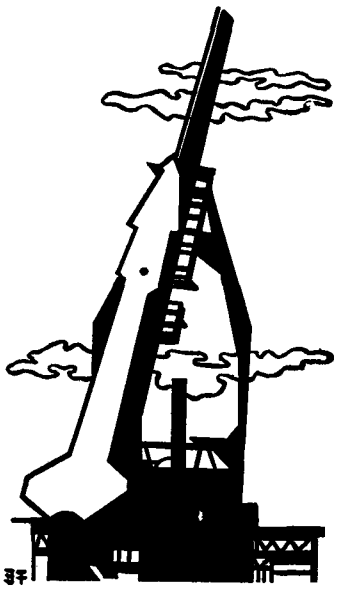
In the defensive sense too the missile now in the hands of the Soviet Union is a real threat to SAC and to our national security. Although the long-range missiles will not have the accuracy of manned aircraft, they will be able to hit close enough to an airbase to destroy it. In this sense they are an additional threat to our already difficult-to-defend overseas bases.

As for the United States itself, it is already depending on an inadequate defense system. No one claims that our present radar is infallible (although radar "breakthrough" is not too Utopian an expectation). We are aware of the menace of Russia's long-range air force, which will have a thousand long-range bombers in 1960 compared with the five or six hundred that, according to testimony presented to the Symington Committee, we expect to have by then. And although an anti-missile missile is said to be technically feasible, it is certainly a long way from being a reality, and its ultimate usefulness is doubtful. After all, how many hydrogen-headed missiles can be destroyed in American skies without poisoning the people below?

At the very least, the successful Soviet test firing indicates the advances of Soviet technology. This is a legitimate "first." To claim, as Deputy Defense Secretary Donald A. Quarles has done, that "We are ahead in the guided-missile field as a whole" is to indulge in semantic quibbles. We may well be ahead in the field of homing missiles: ship-to-air target, air-to-air target, and ground-to-air target. These are what are properly called guided missiles. But ballistic missiles are something else again. In the race for the missile that, once fired, will go a quarter of the way around the globe, there is every indication that the Russians are ahead.

No Monopoly on Skill

One comes to the inescapable conclusion that the reason more is not said publicly about our missile program is that all has not been well with it. Perhaps we cannot shake off the confidence that we have a corner



on production knowhow. We believe that because we lead the world in the production of washing machines and four-wheeled boudoirs, we can outproduce everyone in the machines of war. We have failed to realize that in an admittedly less productive economy the very fact that there are infinitely fewer washing machines may mean that more planes, more tanks, more guns are being produced.

Every time a Soviet advance in military technology has been announced there has been a tendency to shrug it off on the grounds that the Soviets could not produce whatever they wished in *quantity*.

For example, back in 1949, a few days after the announcement of the A-bomb explosion, General Walter Bedell Smith, recently returned ambassador to the Soviet Union and soon to become director of the Central Intelligence Agency, was saying both privately and publicly that "... It will take Soviet Russia at least ten years to get to the point of mass production [of A-bombs] we have now reached." Despite the general's optimism, it would appear that the Soviets seem to have been able to manufacture all the bombs they want.

The announcement of the successful Soviet ICBM trials has been greeted with the same unruffled shrug. "For one thing," editorialized the *Wall Street Journal*, "there is the matter of production to overcome." President Eisenhower in his September 3 press conference also directed himself to the comforts that lie in the sense that there is still plenty of time. He noted that "the big thing to remember is that a mere tested vehicle is a long way from actual production." But is this really the "big thing to remember"?

The Lead-Time Lag

The dreadful truth about the world we are living in is that technological devices dimly conceived as feasible have a way of rushing into blueprint and then into production, belying the predictions of published authorities. At present there seem to be ample grounds for believing that the Soviets may complete the stages between test and production in the long-range-missile field faster than we can.

At least this seems the only logical deduction to be drawn from comparing the shorter lead times, from inception to prototype to production, that the Soviets have maintained in aircraft production. The comparison would seem a fair one, since the same corporations and the same Pentagon offices that are responsible for manned aircraft production are also responsible for missile development.

The aircraft lead-time lag was brought to light in a series of articles in the New York *Herald Tribune* during December, 1956. What the

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articles did in effect was to give the public some of the findings of the Ad Hoc Study Group on Manned Aircraft Systems appointed by the Pentagon after it discovered to its consternation that the Soviets were beating every prototype-to-production schedule our intelligence had figured out for them.

What particularly disturbed our officials was that at the annual May Day air show in Moscow in 1954 the Soviets had produced an intercontinental jet bomber two whole years ahead of our estimate of their schedule. Apparently they had designed, developed in quantity, and flown their strategic bomber within a five-year period. Study on the B-52, the great jet bomber of our own Air Force, was begun in June, 1946, but it was not until March 18, 1954, only forty-five days before the Russian Bison was displayed, that the first production model of the B-52 rolled out of a Boeing hangar. We had taken seven years and nine months. A difference of almost three years in lead time is downright terrifying. Apparently our missile program has suffered a fate similar to that of the B-52.

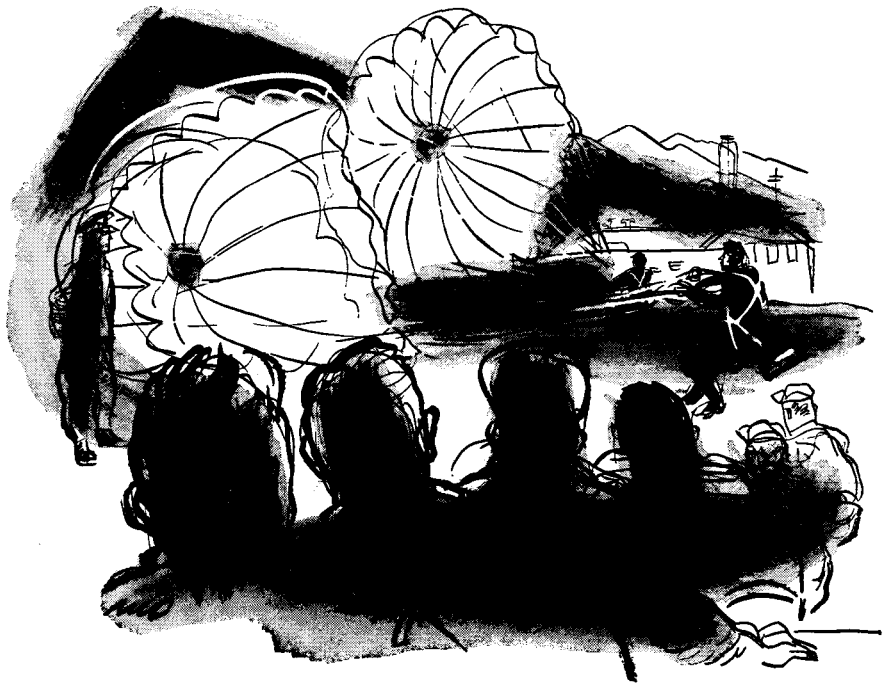
The Feudal Disorder

When one asks "What's wrong?," one never gets the same answer twice. The missile world is rather like feudal society. There are dukedoms within kingdoms within empires, each with overlapping loyalties, impinging interests, and a patchwork of enmities. There are the great service empires and there are the offices of the "vice-presidents" of the Defense Department, the Assistant Secretaries. There are contract-hungry industrial firms, the gigantic ones and the noisy little ones, the small business firms for which there is support in Congress. Each has a party line, a pair of blinders, and friends in the right places.

EARLY this past winter a Congressional committee made a study of the program. First the investigators found that there was evidence of serious overlap. In fact, they found that Secretary Wilson's "vice-presidents" were squabbling among themselves. "The Assistant Secretary of Defense, Research and Development," their report read, "attributed much of this duplication to the 'muscling in' tactics of the Assistant Secretary of Defense, Engineering, and to the latter's failure to cooperate in a number of committees which have been created to improve operations in guided-missile developments." The report goes on to say with what is delightful candor that "Each believes the other's office should be eliminated or greatly reduced in scope and that until this is done, duplication will continue to exist."

This particular complaint concerning overlapping jurisdiction was soon "corrected": The two offices were combined into one under seventy-six-year-old Frank D. Newbury, an old friend of Secretary Wilson's. It was a strange solution to the problem, rather like shaking oil and water and expecting them to mix. The scientists who have with much justice frequently accused Mr. Wilson of completely failing to understand the necessity for basic research were furious. They succeeded in forcing the resignation of Mr. Newbury. Whether his successor, Dr. Paul D. Foote, can make basic researchers work with production engineers, given their difference in orientation and quite natural antipathy toward each other's points of view, remains to be seen. One cannot help conclude that it is unlikely.

On February 3, 1956, Trevor Gardner, Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Research and Development, resigned because of a difference with Mr. Wilson on the way in which the whole guided-missile program was being handled. He charged at the time that the United States lagged behind the Soviet Union in long-range ballistic missiles. He maintained that there was a lack both of money and of organization. His resignation caused something of a stir, and resulted in the appointment of a Special Assistant to the Secretary of Defense on missile development. At the time, Mr. Gardner warned that this was the one solution that simply would not work. ". . . There never was," he wrote, "and never will be a 'special assistant' who could get all these committees and subcommittees to resolve their disputes overnight and then act in unison on a continuing day-to-day basis." A year and a half later the staff of one of the Congressional committees found "little evidence that the Office of the Special Assistant for Guided Missiles has been successful in eliminating duplication or unnecessary programs."



THERE HAS BEEN no strong focal point for program guidance anywhere in the Pentagon. The results have been threefold. First, there has been a proliferation of committees. Second, there has been what some feel to be an unnecessary proliferation of projects. Third, there has

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been too much fragmentation in the letting of contracts.

That there should have been a proliferation of committees was to be expected. That great American institution, the co-ordinating committee, is a jellylike substitute for a decision. It is this fracturing of authority to which the industrial corporations themselves object so strongly and which they maintain is at the root of the trouble. It has resulted in mutually contradictory directives and unnecessary interference.

RECENTLY the situation has been made worse by the financial juggling of the Office of the Secretary of Defense. *Aviation Week* reports that veteran executives of the aviation industry who have wrestled with the problem through thirty years "tell us that never in history has the fiscal maneuvering of the defense business been in such a confusing muddle. . . . the contractors trying to do business with the Pentagon under a constantly shifting set of fiscal policies are in a genuine financial bind."

Men of the caliber of George H. Mahon, second-ranking Democratic member of the powerful House Appropriations Committee, feel strongly that there is an unnecessary and dangerous duplication of effort between services in the field of missiles development, as elsewhere for that matter. From the vantage point of the executive branch Trevor Gardner saw the same picture that Representative Mahon has been seeing from the legislative. Writing a year ago last May, he complained of the competition between the services in the scramble for missiles, and then went on to say, "To make matters worse, the services then generated other 'phantom' or 'study' missiles programs." For example, in early August it was reported that the Army had built six missiles not on any approved program! Certainly there has been strife between the services concerning who should get what share of the missile money. Nor can it be argued that such "competition" is necessarily in the best national interest.

In the matter of contracts, with no central authority to make final decisions and with a general security hush-up to prevent exchange of practical ideas, our IRBMs and ICBMs are being produced and tested by too many contractors for an efficient job to be done. At the same time there is no authority strong enough to keep watch on the missile program as a whole. The military claim that lobbying for contracts has further contributed to dissipate unity of effort.

Where Competition Helps

There is need for more centralization of authority. There is need for cutting out duplication. Yet we must also be aware that a lot of what passes for cutting out duplication is frequently plain budgetary cutting. In a new field such as that of missiles it is extraordinarily hard to tell precisely what is and what is not duplication. It is difficult to keep a cost accounting on research and development, and certainly what is a good investment or a reasonable bet cannot be decided simply according to the criteria of budgetary arithmetic.

Of course, there is a point at which exploring multiple approaches to a single problem can be wasteful of men and money. But it is also true that within some limits determined by competent, responsible men, the greater the number of approaches, the greater the chance of an earlier and better solution. For example, the Air Force is backing both the Atlas and the Titan ICBM missiles. The Air Force and the Army are sponsoring two IRBM missiles, the Thor and the Jupiter, respectively. This situation may lead to the kind of competition that is highly advantageous in terms of time, of money, and of national security. The fact that one approach may not succeed should not automatically lead to its being dubbed a multi-million-dollar flop. Great progress sometimes comes from experiments that at first sight seem to be flops.

As of now, one of the dangers we are running is that not enough programs will be allowed to get under way, and, once under way, to keep going. Speaking before the Western Electronic Convention, Benton H. Schaub, of the office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, said bluntly that budgetary limitations would simply not permit exploration of growing numbers of problems of military technology. The words "more selective" will be used by various of Mr. Schaub's bosses in future appropriations hearings to mean fewer and fewer programs. Already it has been intimated the anti-missile missile may be too expensive to go ahead with. In this case the cost will determine the selection—or the decision.

The answer of the administration to the disclosure that the Soviets had fired an ICBM was to continue the $38-billion spending ceiling that had been clamped on the Department of Defense. (The Pentagon had been spending at the rate of more than $40 billion.) Ceilings on military

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spending have been set before—both by this and former administrations. But previous administrations claimed that the need for national security was determining the budget size. This year there has been an unusual candor: The spending ceiling has been set, and it has been formally proclaimed that the dollar really is the first line of defense, that a sound economy is of greater importance than a sound military defense.

Needed: A Chief

The state of the missile programs in the Soviet Union has been no secret for a long time. All the aviation trade journals have been carrying the story for years.

What has to be done has been recognized for a long time, too. Testifying before Congress just over three years ago, M.I.T. President James R. Killian, Jr., said: "Those of us who have the responsibility for operating research projects feel . . . a need for our being backed by a clear mandate and a clear sense of urgency to do the job . . ." But there can be no "clear mandate" and no "clear sense of urgency" unless somebody has enough power and enough responsibility to live up to the mandate and to act according to the urgency. In other words, there must be a man who is completely in charge of our missile program, who is in a position to ask for the necessary funds, and who must be accountable for the use he makes for the funds that have been allocated—and who, last but not least, has direct access to the President. Only by creating an office of such rank that appointment to it requires confirmation by Congress can the independent authority which is needed be established. But this, too, has been suggested again and again.

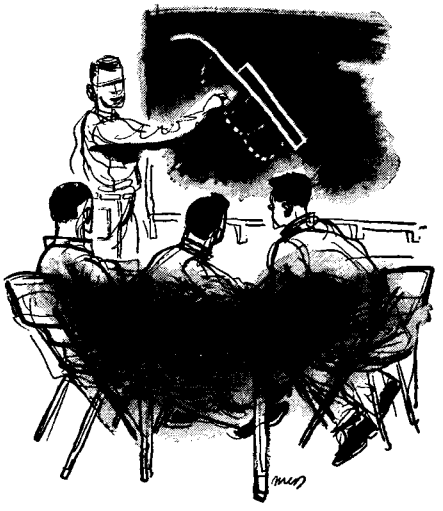
How many more announcements of Russian technological advances do we need before we finally decide to do what should have been done years ago? Yet our government leaders stick to their cheerful optimism—at least for public consumption. Great things, they insist, can be done in a very short time. Discussing our missile program at a recent press conference, Secretary Wilson observed: "You can do some pretty astonishing things in a year, if you want to."

If, if . . .

How Ready Is Our Ready Reserve?

S. L. A. MARSHALL

NOW THAT the two men who were the top administrators of the nation's military affairs have given up their posts, it should be possible to review their joint contributions and divide whatever credit there may be dispassionately. Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson and Admiral Arthur W. Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, make their exits amid choruses of felicitations from their administration colleagues. The "New Look" military policy they fashioned, promising more fighting power for less



money, is still popular with a nation that is traditionally more anxious about rising taxes than about rising risks of war.

To be sure, a few Cassandras among the columnists continue to lament the reduction of American power, and for the sake of the record an occasional congressman registers a marginal complaint against cutbacks of conventional forces in favor of nuclear gadgets. Beyond that, few voices are raised to suggest that the way things are now going the fighting power of the United States will be immobilized or that armed capacity for controllable, constructive reaction to a world emergency will be lost. Such well-nigh unanimous silence must be considered a national vote of approval for the work of Radford and Wilson.

The Package and the Product

There is no mystery about why the policy of substituting bookkeeping for strategy has retained popular confidence. Faith in the wisdom of General Eisenhower's judgments about what is best for American security continues undiminished. And when complacency in the President's infallibility is supported by the happy news that the course set will cost less in personal services, if not in tax money too, the government bestows on a free people the fairest gift it has to offer: peace of mind concerning the national safety.

Under the necessity of soliciting continued consumer acceptance, the Pentagon has come to excel even Madison Avenue in the fine art of using words to conceal rather than to reveal and in stressing the package rather than the product. When operations are cut off they are said to have been "frozen," as if a slightly warmer temperature would make them whole and live. What was formerly called a cutback is now labeled "streamlining," though when bulkier burdens are imposed on fewer men the word can hardly be considered apt. "Modernization" means that a diminished force must adjust to a radically new weapons system before the weapons are even available.

THE ARMY is to be streamlined by a reduction of at least 100,000 men before next June—a small cut to be sure, merely a nick compared with the standing strength of about a million. Of course such cuts invariably cost more in fixed strength than in administration. And there are other problems. The draft machinery will fall apart if fewer than

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the minimal seven thousand are processed each month. Even a temporary suspension might create an unfortunate impression abroad; it would certainly provide ammunition to congressmen bent on stopping the draft altogether.

To balance the intake against an abnormally increased outflow and come up with the right figure, the Army is screening and prematurely discharging somewhere around thirty thousand substandard Class Four soldiers with no real job aptitudes. Congress obligingly passed a sensible law designed to stop Selective Service from inducting Class Four trainees who would then be discharged. All in all a costly replacement program has been dressed up as a net gain to Army fighting power. The operation is somehow reminiscent of the days of Louis Johnson, except that no one seems to be protesting.

In July, when the troop shuffle was begun in the Far East Command, again the sugar coat was even thicker than the medicine. News columns described the event as an opportunity long awaited by the Army to retire forces from Japan and cut strength accordingly—as if the Army had been praying for the day to come. Correspondents wrote that the change meant the loss of one division from a total of eighteen. (In August the number of divisions was further reduced to sixteen by deactivation of the Second Infantry Division in Alaska.) What went unmentioned was that there had been more word juggling in connection with this strength figure. As of last January we had nineteen divisions, of which only ten were combat-formed, the others being "training" divisions.

That term is no longer used in this connection. The others are now on the books as combat divisions, but some are skeletonized and others are too anemic to be in any practical sense deployable. The body as a whole is hardly more robust than in 1949, before the Korean War and before the Soviet Union broke our atomic monopoly.

Like President Eisenhower, Mr. Truman at first cut the military cloth by a Budget Bureau pattern. Then, alarmed by the growing Communist threat, he tried to change the course in his 1948 St. Patrick's Day speech, which called for reenactment of the draft and universal training. After long debate, Congress voted him half a loaf. On the eve of Korea, he was giving full faith and credit to a Secretary of Defense bent on cutting back fighting power in order to make a political record. As usual, it took a war to shake people out of their complacency.

The Six-Month Camps

Our leaders tell us that our fighting power is not really being cut back. But there is a time-honored rule of military strategy, one whose validity even for our atomic age has not yet been disproved: that the fundamental preparedness of a nation must be evaluated in terms of the relative readiness and adequacy of its military manpower, not in the height of its arms stockpile. And it is the ready reserves that must be counted on to support whatever standing forces there may be.

Making its farewell report to Congress in July, the National Security Training Commission asked to be discharged, its work finished, its "program a success." The commission was not guilty of double talk. It had been working at one main question—whether a six-month training course can provide a trainee with a solid base of what it takes to become an effective fighter, and whether such a program is sufficient to keep the training mill fully occupied.

On both counts it could rest reasonably easy. This summer the camps teemed with upwards of sixty-five thousand Americans aged twenty-five and under. One hundred thousand are expected to graduate during 1957, demonstrating, if nothing else, the popularity of the short course in the fulfillment of military obligations. By the judgment of the ablest, most critical trainers in the Army, the nation got its money's worth. The raw material was sound, eager, and adaptable. Most of the trainees' camp time was devoted to learning a military occupational specialty. Before graduation day, they met some of the demands of thorough and intensive unit training —provided, of course, the facilities were available.

But there's the rub. Only when talk turns to the subject of how large a reserve can be supported with presently available funds is the hollowness of the program's success fully apparent.

Before Congress passed the new reserve bill in July, 1955, Admiral Radford told it that a trained, ready reserve of 2,900,000 backing

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up all services was the target of the legislation. In passing that bill, Congress restated that object and hailed it as good as done.

In establishing the six-month camp, the new law obligated volunteers to stand ready for eight years, reporting to a civilian component for periodic training after the first half year. Draftees, after two years' active service, would take three additional years of periodic training and stay on call for a sixth. The reservoir was supposed to reach the desired level by about 1962. Draftees flow from the Army at the rate of about 110,000 men annually. When the hoped-for production from the six-month camps was added to the civilians already formed in active reserve units, the figure seemed well within reach.

It hasn't turned out quite that way. The setbacks can be best understood by looking at Army force goals, since the greatest build-up was to be within the Army reserve; the other services have less trouble maintaining force levels through volunteering.

The 1955 figure was based on estimated future need without reference to future budgetary consideration. The Army's reserve quota was 1,692,000 trained men, including the National Guard. This is less than the call-up during the Korean War, but even so it promised a decisive augmentation of deployable field power. The National Guard, with a head count around 425,000, can now put twenty-seven infantry and armored divisions in the field. A ready Army reserve four times that size might be able to produce more than one hundred divisions.

But not long ago the stated goal was cut to 1,448,000 men. In March, the Army announced that the "obligation" of the six-month trainee would be lowered to three and one-half years, and that of the two-year draftee or one-hitch volunteer to four years. The change was directed toward making both programs more attractive to volunteers; but it was also a simple recognition of the fact that there is very little sense in obligating men to stay in training when there are no funds either to pay or to train them.

Although the new target is still an impressive figure, it also is still an elusive one. The annual bill for Army reserve programming is just under $1 billion. The purchasing power of that sum shrinks while you look at it. There being no disposition to appropriate more money, the growth of the reserve is limited absolutely by cost tables.

At the present writing the highest possible figure that can be accommodated is 700,000 men, including the National Guard. This means that the belt line running from the six-month camp to units of the active reserve can produce only a trifling gain in manpower.

Because of inflation and the demands of more critical programs—missiles, for instance—the likelihood is that the reserves will shrink even more. When times are lean for the regular establishment, the government is not apt to spend more lavishly on the reserves.

The Guard Goes Up

In Pentagon language, inductees who completed their two-year tours

this August and have now returned to civilian life are the first wave of "obligors." They received special treatment. As they checked out at separation centers, their names and data cards were forwarded to state adjutants general. Thereafter for sixty days the Guard is free to recruit them. If it fails, they become subject to arbitrary assignment by the Army to a home-base unit of the active reserve.

By going through these motions, the Army is keeping faith with Congress, even though Congress has neither provided adequate funds for the program nor adequately reexamined the problem. The obligors are not being ignored, but they may be fitted in only as files become vacant through discharge. What was heralded as a build-up is merely a more flexible replacement system.

This new source of recruitment has obviously been of considerable benefit to the National Guard. A volunteer organization that knows well the advantages of political entrenchment, the Guard has managed to hold its own and even to make some advances during a period of setbacks for others. If its present rate of expansion continues, within four years the Guard should become the mainstay of U.S. field fighting power, more stable than the regulars and far stronger than the active reserve. The Guard's main shortcoming is the intrusion of politics in the naming of the officers of its high command.

Out of all the fine talk about "more bang for the buck," one truth becomes quite evident. Whenever U.S. divisions are withdrawn from foreign soil, Army strength approximately equivalent will be deactivated, if for no better reason than that traditionally we do things that way. If the Army, through further attrition of its combat units, falls below 800,000 men, the draft will become a dead issue along with the concept that the Army should be equipped to meet emergencies of all sizes wherever they may happen in the world.

Here as in Britain, the retreat already assumes an all too familiar form. The cry is for economy and modernization, and so the policy of undermanning an overweaponed establishment will continue to sit well with nearly everyone. It will be roses, roses all the way, even though a mushrooming cloud hides where the path is leading.

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The Best Hope For Our Big Cities

LOIS BALCOM

IN NEW YORK'S Westchester County not so long ago, a man was arrested for walking to work.

It wasn't the principle to which the authorities objected. An intrepid pantryman, heading for the restaurant where he was employed, descended from a bus on the far side of the New York State Thruway and ventured across its several lanes on foot. The restaurant had been marooned on an "island" between the newly completed Thruway and a pre-existing parkway, and was left with no legal access except by private car.

Contrast the spectacle of "downtown," where people and cars jostle each other through the same narrow streets, indiscriminately jam the joint intersections, fight for *Lebensraum* along the same overcrowded curbs.

A generation ago one key to this urban dilemma was proffered by a architectural genius who at the age of forty-five was distinguished more for his radical ideas than for tangible attainments in city planning. The Swiss-born French architect Le Corbusier had only to fix a coldly discerning eye on the mounting stream of automobiles moving past his Paris studio to come up with a brand-new kind of planning for a world on wheels.

"I contend," he wrote in 1932, "that it is impossible to use the same roads for fast and slow moving traffic. . . . We are forced to . . . make a definite distinction between the pedestrian and the vehicle, which should never be allowed to meet."

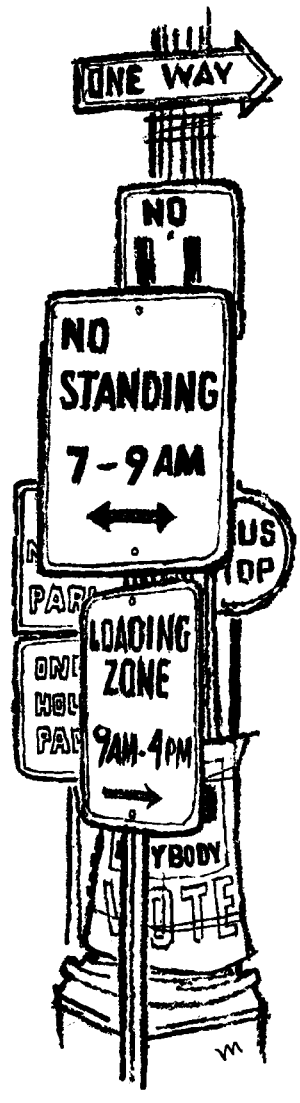
Today one might suppose that this would be a commonplace. But after twenty-five years we have yet to give his theories a full-scale trial.

We have applied the principle of "traffic separation" on the outlying highways—by almost complete liquidation of one of the interested parties, which was hardly what Le Corbusier wanted. But we haven't begun to apply it downtown, where the pedestrian stubbornly and inconveniently refuses to be liquidated. Such superficial devices as stop signs, walk lights, and miles of painted lines on pavements may keep him from charging directly into a stream of cars, busses, and trucks—and vice versa—but something more is called for. To separate cars and people means to make separate provision for their respective needs.

Are Pedestrians People?

Our attack on the problem of urban congestion has been almost entirely one-sided and concentrated on the motorist: We build parking lots—most of them eyesores; we widen streets and turn them into one-way arteries—often without so much as a safety island in the middle; we time our signal lights for maximum vehicle speeds and convenience—and leave the pedestrian to his own devices. One group of experts has solemnly proposed to remedy downtown deterioration by "treating pedestrians as people."

If "separation" is the key to our battle of the bumpers, then adequate and imaginative planning for both pedestrian and vehicle is the key to making "separation" work. Le Corbusier's solution was to put both buildings and motor roads up on stilts, leaving to the walker "the surface of the city, all the surface, the earth." "Put the pedestrian on the ground," he said, "giving him a network of avenues running in all directions in the midst of parks and lawns."



Such an expansive domain probably exceeds the desire of the most avid pedestrian, the appeal of walking in the city rarely being that of pleasure or exercise, which call for parks and lawns, but rather the convenience of discharging business without frustrating traffic delays and parking problems. We are willing to go about our errands on foot when it means a saving of time and nervous energy—a respite from the unequal conflict between motors and men to which most of our urban thoroughfares are now abandoned. Thus a "network" of small plazas or malls tucked between skyscrapers may serve the metropolitan pedestrian as well as or better than Le Corbusier's boundless greensward.

Yet his more dramatic plan for sixty-story buildings with wide green spaces in between, linked by sixty-

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mile-an-hour elevated motorways, reminds us that—if we could carry redesign far enough—we might accommodate as many people as we have today in our crowded city space with no traffic jams whatsoever. Perhaps Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle redevelopment is our closest approach to date to this ideal of the "skyscraper set in a park." Private grounds and a public park blend into a spacious openness between high-rise office buildings, modern apartments, and a hotel. Parked cars are gradually being banished underground and moving traffic to elevated expressways. Yet these are not allowed to disfigure or obstruct the surface level of Point Park. A sweeping view of the junction of Pittsburgh's rivers—historic "Gateway to the West"—is framed by a "gateway portal" beneath the elevated traffic interchange.

On a smaller scale, New York's Chase Manhattan project will demonstrate essentially similar planning—a sixty-story tower hoisted in part upon Corbusian stilts, underground levels utilized both for parking and for public banking functions, seventy per cent of the surface assigned to pedestrian amenities—a reallocation of surface space to the clear advantage of all concerned.

Set in the midst of Wall street's narrow canyons, its esplanade and arcaded walkways will be enlarged by closing off a cross street that now divides the two-block site. In return the bank has ceded to the city a strip around all four outer sides of its property for the widening of surrounding streets. The exchange creates at one stroke a net gain for vehicular traffic and an inviting oasis for workers and walkers in a chaotically overcrowded neighborhood.

Pack Them In!

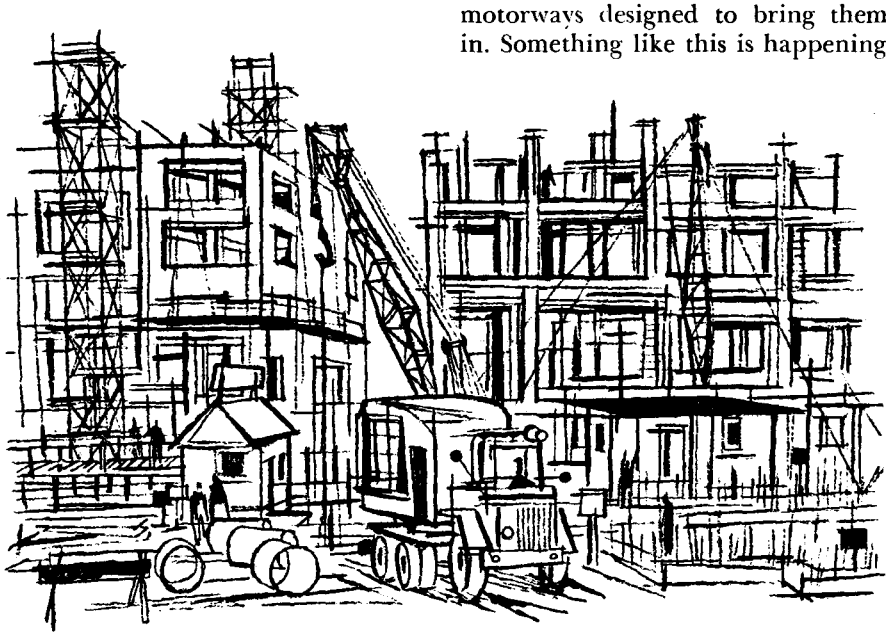
More often we have relied on the giant motorway alone to take care of the rising tide of traffic. Although these structures are designed solely to remedy vehicular congestion, their introduction into the heart of downtown has been anything but an unmixed blessing.

More lanes, more levels, more expressways! Unfortunately these oversized highways are self-defeating when allowed to strike right through what should be essentially a pedestrian center. Not only do their size and efficiency serve to generate more traffic, so that they are forever unable to keep up with the loads imposed upon them, but their very presence ruthlessly destroys those amenities which are uniquely characteristic of downtown.

Sometimes the destruction is painfully specific. San Franciscans, with an affection for their historic Ferry Building, were appalled by the prospect of a two-level fifty-foot-high expressway along the Embarcadero directly in front of the sixty-one-foot landmark with its higher clock tower. Twice in a year, an aroused citizenry and press undertook desperate last-ditch actions to bring about a relocation of the motorway, but the traffic experts won and now have the two-level motor road under construction.

The problem is not always so clear-cut. "Downtown" itself is a somewhat amorphous term having different connotations in different cities—or indeed to different groups within the same city. Thus to planners, "downtown Manhattan" consists of the entire nine-square-mile region south of Sixtieth Street, while to New Yorkers the Wall Street area is "downtown," Thirty-fourth to Forty-second may be designated "midtown," and the Fifties, as far as retail shopping, galleries, and concert halls are concerned, are "uptown."

But to planners, "downtown" embraces the whole central district or "core" in which the greatest concentration of employment and business enterprise is to be found. "Downtown" created itself in the first place simply because having certain activities close to each other is good for business, for sociability, for cultural exchange. But when the city is sliced up into ever wider and higher expressways, with their complicated entrances and exits, their ramps and loops and cloverleaf intersections, intimacy and compactness are things of the past. With downtown stretched apart, everybody suffers—except, ironically, the "through" drivers who have no business there in the first place—from increased surface congestion and lengthened walking distances. The natural reaction is to get out of "downtown" altogether, and the vicious circle of decentralization and deterioration begins.



Hordes of potential frequenters of downtown are heading out, moreover, by the same convenient motorways designed to bring them in. Something like this is happening in Los Angeles, where high-speed arteries, crisscrossing in layers, straddle the downtown sector. But does it make sense to spend millions of dollars on hundreds of miles of freeways only to feed traffic out to competing communities?

In the heart of California's boomland, Los Angeles is retaining less than fifteen per cent of its region-

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al retail business. The vehicle is left in possession, but there isn't much "downtown" left to possess.

The bitter fact is that accommodating more and more cars just so more and more cars may take their places does nothing to solve the dilemma of downtown. Gigantic facilities undeniably lend themselves to "traffic separation," but the gain to the motorist fails to compensate for the disadvantages to motorist-turned-pedestrian unless provision is made for pedestrian needs after his downtown destination is reached and he gets out of his car.

"Downtown's" slowness to recognize this simple requirement helps to explain the "flight to the suburbs" that is worrying planners, municipal officials, and businessmen. But suburbia, with its proliferating shopping centers, has been quick to exploit the widespread belief that only relatively open country can produce the particular vehicular and pedestrian amenities demanded by our era.

Victor Gruen's Northland

This nonsense has been emphatically denied by a vigorous team of architects and planners called Victor Gruen Associates, who permit neither the seductions of the suburbs nor the complexities of downtown to limit their creativeness. Working first in one sphere and then in the other, they have demonstrated that the appeal of the modern shopping center does not depend on where it is but on what it is. It depends not on acreage but on the old familiar separation of pedestrian, services, and automobile traffic.

This group set a pattern for shopping centers when they designed Northland, which spreads over 163 acres just outside Detroit. They created a landscaped pedestrian island within its cluster of more than one hundred stores and shops, then a route for motor traffic around the periphery, and finally integrated the two by strategic location of nine separated parking lots around the "ring," or peripheral, road.

Crowds flock to Northland by the thousands, even on Sunday afternoons. "The stores are closed, so what are they doing there?," asks Mr. Gruen, and answers himself: "Looking for open space. They window-shop and stroll through the gardens and sit on benches and soak up the sun and enjoy the fountains and sculpture."

With the growing popularity of the outlying shopping center, "downtown" has begun to think about borrowing back some of the amenities that the suburbs first adapted from Main Street. But Gruen contends that the outlying center still has more to learn from downtown than the other way around. To demonstrate, he has produced another pace-setter in Southdale, near Minneapolis, which, as a result of two shopping levels and basement all under one roof, achieves a compactness reminiscent of that traditional heart of the city that the crowds have been fleeing.

To emphasize this feature, Southdale is patterned upon the market square, with little "side streets" leading to a central plaza. Decor and lighting are carefully planned to contrast the indoor feeling of the shops with the outdoor feeling of the "streets," sidewalk cafés, and gardens. Yet since the whole is actually enclosed, it is completely air-conditioned "indoors and out," summer and winter.

Moreover, Southdale's motor access is every bit as convenient as Northland's. It has its own one-way belt road with no less than twenty-two points of entrance and exit to surrounding streets. Landscaped strips shield parking from thoroughfares and make the entrances inviting. The main parking facilities are divided between the two sales levels; all truck deliveries, services and storage are consigned to the basement, which also contains some sales space —and a live zoo for the youngsters. Here we have vertical "traffic separation" superimposed upon the horizontal layout pioneered at Northland.

SUBURBAN successes behind them, Victor Gruen Associates next turned to the challenge of the tightly built-up urban "core." They were called upon to prescribe for a typically "sick" central retail district, and had the courage and vision to apply the "pedestrian island" concept to the whole of downtown. Forth Worth, Texas, is the happy "patient." By 1970, the target year for completion of a long-range redevelopment plan, it will boast a pedestrian paradise not to be outshone by any of the new suburban wonderlands.

In the Gruen organization's design the one-way, multilaned motor road will come into its own, even though located in the central part of the city, because it is laid out to encircle a pedestrian *area*. The essential feature is access; parking and bus-and-taxi terminals will be located on the inner rim of the belt highway. The maximum remaining distance to any building from its nearest "parking penetration" will be only a two- or three-minute walk—six hundred feet, as compared with the seven hundred feet New Yorkers have to travel just to get around Columbus Circle.

As in Southdale, various levels above and below the surface of the circumscribed island are utilized. Deliveries of incoming goods to stores, of taxis to hotels, and of shoppers' parcels to garages will be by underground tunnel. The six

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parking facilities, which will begin as surface "lots" on the inner rim of the access highway, will grow with demand to multiple-decked garages served by escalators and moving sidewalks. The surface between buildings, as well as an occasional elevated link from one structure to another, will have gardens, walkways, covered malls, little shops, and kiosks—"the salt and pepper of a city," in Gruen's words.

Of course this new Fort Worth is going to cost money. But deterioration and loss of business to rival cities costs more—and building monstrous structures that provide only temporary relief costs even more. The Texas city's expenditures will be large but entirely realistic in the light of immediate and tangible benefits. For example, the underground delivery tunnel estimated at $20 million is no small item—but the land reclaimed for productive use through rearrangement of surface spaces represents a gain of $30 to $40 million. Although the ground area of the central district will be smaller in 1970 than it was before reconstruction began, its productive capacity will be enormously increased; retail land use alone is expected to be nearly tripled.

'It Will Never Work . . .'

Inevitably so bold a venture has its critics. "Visionary!" they cry. "It will never work"—and go out into their own Main Street to install another light, assign another traffic cop, tack up another "No Parking" sign. Meanwhile the motorist travels no faster and the pedestrian walks no more safely.

New York City has twice received the American Automobile Association's award for the best pedestrian safety record of any city above one million population. This achievement has been cited as an argument for individual freedom and justification of Manhattanites' incorrigible jay-walking habits.

A recent report in the *Times*, on the other hand, offers a grim rebuttal. It stated that seventy-four per cent of the city's fatal accidents in a ten-month period involved pedestrians, and quoted Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy on some of the sins that contribute to the awesome total: crossing in middle of block, fifteen per cent; from between parked cars, twelve per cent; and against lights, eight per cent. In turn an alert reader—of ambulatory habit, no doubt—was quick to point out that these official figures totaled only thirty-five per cent of the number of fatalities in which pedestrians figured, and seemed to leave "an impressive and terrifying balance of

65 per cent mowed down while crossing with the green light at the intersection."

Obviously a city the size of New York cannot separate its vehicles and pedestrians as completely and luxuriously as Fort Worth is doing. But it is still possible to apply the "pedestrian island" principle to various types of "superblock" development. This does not mean the simplest "superblock," which merely combines several small city blocks into one big one—and builds up the enlarged area as solidly as local zoning ordinances permit. It refers to the more imaginative superblock design which creates a relatively self-sufficient "island," which entails varied functions within its own encircling belt road. There is no reason why several such superblock islands within the metropolis should not eventually be linked by a whole network of ring roads and mass transit routes with their cross connections.

To date perhaps the commonest example is the "civic center," made up of public buildings or combinations of public and private buildings. Any number of U.S. cities have projects of this kind on the drafting boards. In general, community center designs are more expansive than they used to be; instead of incorporating all functions within one mammoth building or a solidly built-up single block, they are relating a cluster of buildings to each other—with a place for people somewhere in the middle. Tulsa, Oklahoma, plans an eleven-building group that will include a county courthouse, civic auditorium, exhibition hall, city hall, art museum and library, municipal theater, a national oil museum (for the "oil capital of the world"), and a state office building. Traffic will be routed around the periphery and parking will be provided for in two subterranean levels. In between the buildings and visible from all directions through the open esplanade beneath the central structure are the gardens, courts, plazas, pools, outdoor cafés, and play areas.

A Truly Balanced Community

A more adventurous type of big-city superblock is one designed to turn the vast residential project into a self-contained neighborhood—once more with vehicular traffic consigned to the rim and the center scaled to pedestrian use. After several years of vicissitudes, Detroit's seventy-seven-acre Gratiot Area redevelopment has finally got under way. Under the sponsorship of private developers who have entrusted its design to the famous Chicago architect Mies van der Rohe, the neighborhood has been renamed Lafayette Park and the first lofty apartment is under construction. The population will eventually be seven thousand, divided among several twenty-two-story apartment towers and clusters of one- and two-story houses, all arranged around dead-end streets that from all direc-

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tions push in from the peripheral traffic route. Even with a four-acre neighborhood shopping center contained within its boundaries, Lafayette Park will still have twenty-seven acres, combined with school and playgrounds, left to make the park a reality—and this entire greenbelt "village" is located only three thousand feet from the heart of downtown Detroit.

Mies van der Rohe put Chicago's Lake Shore apartments up on stilts and is reintroducing the feature in Detroit's Lafayette Park. The recessed ground floors of the high-rise apartments will contain further neighborhood services—a commissary, barbershop, and beauty shop—to supplement the shopping center. But the best feature of all, perhaps, is the opportunity Lafayette offers for a wide range of living arrangements and a truly balanced community life. "Lafayette Park," observes *Architectural Forum*, "will not be an all-alike settlement of young married couples, each with two children and a dog." Neither will it be an all-alike settlement of childless and petless older adults whom "downtown" apartments more commonly harbor. In more ways than one, it is destined to be an "island" dedicated to humane living.

THE MOST interesting of all in some ways, because the most highly diversified while still confined within the larger metropolitan pattern, is Boston's scheme for Back Bay, where "the world's largest integrated business, civic and residential center"—so advertised!—is about to make its appearance. Like Detroit's Lafayette redevelopment, the Back Bay enterprise has undergone many trials and tribulations. Only recently a plan prepared by a group known as the Boston Center Architects was finally shelved in favor of another, less distinguished architecturally but more immediately realizable, that is to be sponsored by the Prudential Insurance Company. This is to be an "entirely unsubsidized urban renewal project." If this is the case, perhaps it may be only reasonable to make due allowance for the inevitable compromise with economic realities.

First of all, New England's tallest building—a fifty-story tower—will rise at the hub of the new Prudential Center. To the west and south of the tower will be a thousand-room hotel, an auditorium-convention hall seating six thousand to be erected by the city, and an eight-hundred-seat circular restaurant. To the east, only about a block from Copley Square and the Back Bay railroad station, will be a group of buildings combining high-rise and low-rise apartments and space for retail shops. Underground, in the cavity formed by the present railroad yards, will be two or possibly three levels devoted to parking the impressive number of five thousand cars. And around the rim of the whole island will be the now familiar ring road for motor access. Only about ten acres of the thirty-two-acre plot will be covered by buildings, leaving plenty of open space for a landscaped mall and plaza within which the structures will be connected by glass-covered walkways, their setting enhanced by garden courts. Once again we see more than seventy per cent of an island site in the heart of a densely populated metropolis dedicated to the pedestrian.

The Pedestrian's Dilemma

What pedestrian? Statistics pour from the press: 100 million vehicles by 1975! Two cars in every garage! Automobiles multiplying five times as fast as the nation's population! Is it any wonder if the new concept of setting aside choice areas for *foot* traffic sounds downright absurd to many of us? Who is going to walk anyhow? Why reserve the heart of any place for the pedestrian, a little guy who's already practically extinct?

But in the heart of downtown, if nowhere else, everybody is a pedestrian. With or without special approach facilities, the private and public conveyances that bring us into the downtown area are already serving the function of access only. Most of them, at any given moment, are on their way in or on their way out or unhappily looking for a place to park.

Oddly, the average driver seems to have little awareness of his own dual role. Or if he does recognize it, he is much more alert to the danger of a curtailment of his role as motorist than he is gratified by extension of his part as a downtown pedestrian. Though he appreciates "traffic separation" in his suburban shopping center, he bristles at the suggestion of a vehicular ban that would turn downtown into a comparable Elysium.

It is impossible to appraise the influence of such an attitude, or of any aspect of citizen reaction, in the highly complicated business of replanning our cities for greater effectiveness. But the least to be expected of the general public is an understanding that the pedestrian and the vehicle cannot occupy the same space at the same time. A workable formula for downtown's future must provide semi-isolated "islands," laid out to pedestrian scale within which various urban activities may be concentrated; efficient motor facilities—with the accent on access—by which each "island" may be readily approached but not invaded; and strategically designed peripheral interchanges at which the man on foot can easily and comfortably become the man in the vehicle.

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The Army Looks Good To Johnnie Lawrence

DAVID HALBERSTAM

SERGEANT 1st Class Johnnie Lawrence, RA 53028233, is typical of the new professional American soldier. He is twenty-eight years old, a Korean War veteran, married, and father of three children. He is also a Negro.

The simple fact of this no longer surprises Johnnie Lawrence, who has been a soldier for nine years and took basic training in a segregated company at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, the very training center where he now teaches integrated trainees; nor does it surprise his white colleagues who have been in the Army for comparable years. It surprises only the new recruits—who like most civilians were unaware of the Negro's constantly increasing importance within the Army. At the first trainee orientation, a soldier looked at the chaplain, a Negro major, and said to me: "That man up there is a Negro and he's also a major, but I still don't believe it."

"I guess it does catch them," Lawrence said, "but you take Tank Hill [Fort Jackson, an infantry training center]. I figure between forty and fifty per cent of the platoon sergeants and instructors are colored. It's been growing and growing since I've been in. It's a fact now: The Army opened up to Negroes, and more and more are staying in."

Lawrence himself is noncommissioned officer in charge of Charley Company in Fort Jackson's fourth battalion, and also sergeant of the first platoon. The first platoon is generally acknowledged as the company's best, mostly because Lawrence is in charge. On the Hill he is widely known as "a hell of a sharp soldier," or more simply, "a soldier."

A native of New York, he is a slim, wiry man, an instructor with a chronic inability to pronounce the names of his pupils ("Look here, Hammolsan"). His pride in his own abilities is perhaps best reflected in a remark I have heard him make frequently: "I don't have to go around *telling* people I'm a good platoon sergeant." Among his extracurricular accomplishments are boxing ("I was in Germany looking for a soft job to keep me out of the field") and playing the guitar ("Some things come naturally and are always there and you never sweat them"). He also has a fine sense of the dramatic ("No one ever takes a picture of me smiling," he tells the trainee with camera). He embodies the professional soldier's strong hate and love for the Army. Unforeseen changes in defense policy discounted, he will be a twenty-year man in April, 1968.

"I ESCAPED into the Army," he says. "I ran away from home in New York when I was seventeen and joined up in North Carolina. I've forgotten what town it was—all I remember was that I found an old lady there and paid her ten dollars to sign a parental-permission slip. I think I always wanted to be a soldier. I wanted to prove that no one had to take care of me, and I guess I also thought of the security."

Lawrence was one of the first Negro troops moved into integrated combat situations. "I was in Japan when the Korean War broke out and I was quickly switched into the 24th Division—I think I was the first Negro in the outfit. I felt a lot of pressure then. This was something new—not like it is today, where you see it all the time. The feeling was that the average Negro soldier hadn't fought too much during the Second World War, and I think a lot of people were watching us. So I felt I really had to make it—I never felt on the spot like that before.

"I think I did prove myself—I made squad leader the hard way. We were with a recon platoon and I volunteered for all sorts of assignments, the hardest ones they had. I wanted them to know I could soldier and that they could count on me. When I made squad leader, at first every man in the squad did what I said because of the authority, the stripes; but then I made it with them, and I think every one of those men would have given his life for me because of respect. You know I got medals over there, but that feeling meant more to me. Try to imagine what it means—how uncertain I was whether I could actually do it when I first entered that unit and then to make this test. Do you know how I felt when I first joined that unit? I thought I might get it both ways—from behind or from the front."

Lawrence did get it twice from the

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front. The first time, mortar fragments struck him on the head. He still has the helmet that saved his life and the slight scars that mark the place. "The second time I was on a platoon outpost with two ROKs on guard. I'd been sleeping but I suddenly woke up and looked up and out of bunker. It was a funny sight. I remember now how odd it looked and I almost felt like laughing.

"There were these two little men not five feet tall standing at the top, looking like two little boys with a toy gun." Lawrence caught five burp-gun slugs in his leg, starting in the lower leg and working up toward his hip. "I'll never understand why he stopped there—you know the tendency of the automatic weapon is to keep firing higher and higher—it pulls up."

Why We Stay in the Army

"That almost proved one of my theories," he went on, "that most of the men who were killed in Korea died in sleeping bags. That was one of the reasons I wanted to stay in the Army—I saw so many mistakes over there I wanted to train men and pass on my experience when I got back. Of course there are a lot of other reasons. For one thing, by that time I had something pretty good working for me, and you have to have something better before you give it up.

"That's why a lot of us Negroes stay in the Army. It looks good to us—a lot of us never had it so good. Right off you take the first part—the reup bonus. Where else can the average Negro boy lay his hand on that much money—why, a corporal can make up to a thousand dollars. That means he can buy a car, live big.

"Then you've got to figure what else he can do. There aren't that many other jobs around here. Look here, you got a college degree, so you can already get a hundred jobs for my one, and even if you didn't, you could find three or four. Then you take this—I can say that I've never been held back on a promotion because I'm a Negro. It's fair now—it wasn't always that way. You got no fear of being kicked aside once you have this job, and that's one thing the civilian can't be sure of—they never have this sense of security. I don't sweat it.

"Then you got other things. A lot of white boys mind the Army because of conditions here. Look at you—new in the Army, but you wear civvies when you come over here. You don't like the uniform that much. The average young Negro soldier always wears his uniform. He feels big in it, patriotic, like he's a part of it. It shows he's an American and that he's as good as anyone else."

I INTERVIEWED Lawrence several weeks after I had completed a basic training cycle in his platoon. Lawrence and I sat in the living room of his neat little Columbia home—no air conditioning on a hot day, but still comfortable and attractive. Although I had spent six weeks watching him in the field handling men, I had never realized how conscious he was of the race factor in dealing with the men. He sat there calmly looking at his job, analyzing it the way any good sergeant might, feeling toward his men the way any good leader would, aware of the greater attention he faces when people judge his work ("You notice that I try to be thinking ahead when we're in the field—I'm the only Negro cadreman in the field now, and it wouldn't look good if I were the last man to think of something") but not at all racial in his outlook toward his job or his trainees.

The Third Army area comprises the Southeastern states and most of the trainees were white Southerners. For the first few days the trainees were sharply aware—and resentful—of the racial difference. But while at the beginning the difference crystallized into a definite attitude, soon the troops stopped considering his color in reaction to duty. The main factor was Lawrence's leadership: "We've got no sweat on the inspection, this is all we've got to do . . ." The voice is in sharp contrast with most of Tank Hill's shrill commands.

Lawrence says he tries to avoid problems by looking at the trainee's problems as though he himself were undergoing basic. "Sometimes you run across this thing in the trooper and you're stuck," he said. "In the newest cycle the platoon guide came over and told me that there were two Georgia boys who were scared to death of me because I was colored. I had him reassure them, but it didn't work. I tried to talk to them myself except that I must have goofed because they got even more scared. I'm afraid there's not much you can do about something like that."

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The Durability Of Harry Flood Byrd

BENJAMIN MUSE

GOVERNORS OF VIRGINIA are appointed by Harry Flood Byrd, subject to confirmation by the electorate. That in effect has been the procedure in the Old Dominion for the past thirty-two years. And no Byrd appointment has failed of confirmation.

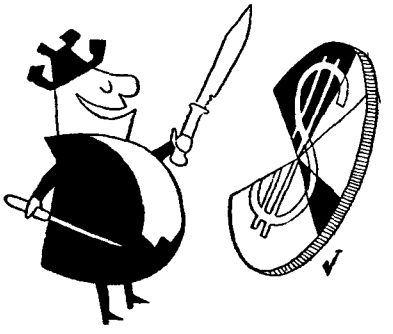
Although the contest for the governorship now in progress varies in important respects from the old routine, most observers predict that another Byrd appointment will be confirmed with the election of State Attorney General J. Lindsay Almond, Jr., in November.

One governor, James H. Price, who served from 1938 to 1942, was endorsed by Senator Byrd unwillingly. Price was a New Deal-inclined lieutenant governor whose exasperating popularity forced the senator to give the signal for his election. Otherwise the traditional procedure was carried out, and four years later the regular succession of Byrd governors was resumed. With the exception of Price, each of the last eight gentlemen who have presided over this ancient commonwealth has been Byrd's uninhibited personal choice.

That is, perhaps, the most impressive manifestation of the "Byrd machine." The machine also makes the laws of Virginia, names the judiciary, elects most of the county officers, and to a large extent shapes the social attitudes and the thinking of the state. It can also be said that the peculiar atmosphere and traditions of Virginia have produced the Byrd machine.

"Machine" is not the nicest word for it; it may even be misleading. In its own state it is better known as the "organization." It is not properly to be compared with other political machines—not to be mentioned in the same breath with, say, the old Pendergast or Crump machines. The Byrd machine is genteel—there are no gallus-snapping or banjo-playing characters in Virginia politics—and it is singularly honest. Apart from its acceptance of the white-supremacy doctrine since the Supreme Court's decision against public-school segregation, it has shown notable concern, in its parsimonious way, for the welfare of the state. Nor is it the creation of Harry Byrd, though Byrd has achieved an ascendancy over it unequaled by any of its former chiefs. It is an oligarchy that has ruled Virginia, with only minor interruptions, for the past fifty-five years.

THE ORGANIZATION is commonly regarded as dating from the turn of the century, or from the promulgation of the Virginia Constitution of 1902. By means of the poll tax and other restrictive measures, that instrument virtually disfranchised the Negro—and the poor white too, excepting the steadily decreasing number of veterans of the War Between the States—and shattered the Virginia Republican Party. The total vote cast in the state fell from



261,645 in the Presidential election of 1900 to 134,428 in that of 1904.

The origins of the organization go further back, to the days when most Virginians voted on Election Day and government was everybody's business. It was called the organization in the 1880's, while it was still the underdog, while General William Mahone and his motley aggregation of Readjustors, Republicans, and Negroes dominated Virginia. Its long tenancy of the governor's mansion began when General Fitzhugh Lee canvassed the state mounted on his famous Uncle Robert's saddle and rode into the governorship in 1885. It acquired its first long-term boss in Thomas S. Martin, a railway lawyer, who was elected to the United State Senate in 1893 and ruled the machine until his death in 1919.

The philosophy of the organization has changed little, if at all, during this long period. It is significant that the party to which it belongs was known originally as the Conservative Party of Virginia; it took the name "Democratic" only in the election of 1883. What there was of liberalism in Virginia in the latter half of the nineteenth century was expressed in the program of the Readjustors and the Republicans. General Mahone was proud to be called the "friend of the Negro" and the "friend of the working man." No leader of the Democratic "organization" has ever cared to be tagged with either label.

When It's Apple Harvest Time . . .

Descended from William Byrd, the founder of Richmond and Petersburg, Harry Byrd was well suited to be the beau ideal of the Virginia oligarchy. Generations of improvident mediocrity squandered the original fortune of the Byrd family, but recent years have witnessed a spectacular revival of both its fame and its wealth. The senator's father was speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates, and his brother, the late Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd, ranks among the great American explorers.

Byrd is a self-made millionaire, a circumstance that does not impair his status as an aristocrat and greatly enhances his authority as a spokesman for the businessman. His family was in such financial straits in his youth that he was obliged to quit school after the fifth grade and go to work. He worked with such diligence and business acumen that he first rescued the family's small newspaper business from bankruptcy and then made a fortune in apple orchards.

Today at seventy he is a courtly, casually well-dressed gentleman who is generally liked by his fellow sena-

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tors and is adored by his followers in Virginia. His cherubic features belie both his shrewdness and his dynamic energy. His life is divided into three distinct compartments: those of U.S. senator, Virginia political boss, and orchardist. His fine physical condition derives in part from vigorous and often outdoor activity in the third compartment. The apple harvest, soon to begin, will find the senator driving his battered Chevrolet from morning till night over bumpy orchard roads, supervising the work in his eleven orchards, five packing houses, one cannery, and three cold-storage units.

Byrd's phenomenal hold upon the organization and upon Virginia stems largely from his sturdy personal integrity and from his record as governor of the state. During his four-year term (1926-1930) the state government was almost completely overhauled. The state's roadbuilding program went forward at an impressive rate on his "pay-as-you-go" plan. It is pertinent to recall also that Byrd brought about the enactment of a stern anti-lynching law which effectively put an end to lynchings in Virginia.

IF YOU ASK a Byrd machine man why his organization nearly always wins, he is likely to say that it is because Virginians like it. That is to a large extent true, and many of those who do not like it feel that if they did not have the Byrd machine they might have something worse. The machine's reputation for honesty is perhaps its greatest bulwark. In fairly rare instances a county or city official misappropriates funds, but there is no cover-up by the machine, and no reverberating scandal that might open the way for an anti-machine crusade ever occurs in Virginia.

The machine has only a small number of voters to control. For the past thirty years the vote in Virginia Democratic primaries, which have determined every gubernatorial choice, has averaged less than eleven per cent of the adult population. There has been a marked increase in voter participation in several recent elections, but Virginia long ranked near the bottom of the list of states in the number of citizens voting in proportion to population. Few people vote in Virginia because of the poll tax, because many are satisfied with things as they are, because the apparent invincibility of the organization makes it seem useless for the dissatisfied to oppose it, because many have lost the habit of voting—and because the machine likes it that way.

The average beginner in Virginia politics cultivates the "right men" in the organization; their policies are his policies and their candidates his candidates. If he has exceptional talents, they are directed not to blazing new trails but to adducing persuasive arguments in support of trails already charted. Then if he is able to meet the requirements of ideological conformity, he must yield to another stern organization rule, which may be the hardest of all: He must stand aside and await his turn for political advancement.

The Art of the Gentle Nod

The Democratic primary of 1949 furnished a striking illustration of the operation of this rule, even though it revealed at the same time a significant deterioration of machine discipline. A year before the primary date, each of three high-ranking machine men felt that the time had arrived for the realization of his ambition to occupy the governor's chair. State Senator John S. Battle, Democratic state chairman and former mayor of Richmond Horace H. Edwards, and Representative Thomas B. Stanley each was preparing for the contest. Byrd gave his nod to Battle, gently at first in the hope that more definite action would not be necessary. But the two other candidates displayed unwonted stubbornness.

After wavering for six months, Stanley at last yielded and announced that he would not enter the race. Edwards ignored the signal and plunged into a dynamic and heavily financed campaign. He had built an extensive organization and had enlisted a large following before Byrd found it necessary to intervene. Then the senator sounded an unmistakable bugle call in the form of a campaign speech for Battle, and the able and personable Edwards found his followers deserting by the thousands. He got only fifteen per cent of the vote, and his status as an organization leader came to an end.

Stanley, on the other hand, having carried out the prescribed ritual of standing aside, was almost immediately indicated as the Byrd choice for governor in 1953. When that year came around, another aggressive aspirant, Attorney General J. Lindsay Almond, Jr., was chafing at the bit, and again the ritual was enacted. Almond stood aside, with a special flourish, for the sake of the organization.

Gentlemen Who Think Alike

In any attempt to appraise what the Byrd machine has done for and to Virginia, one will find much that is commendable. While other states wrestle with the problem of mounting deficits, Virginia has a perennial problem of how to dispose of an unfailing surplus. The state is debt-free as far as direct obligations of the commonwealth are concerned, although there are several hundred million dollars outstanding in county, city, and toll-road bond issues. Finally, throughout the state legislature and Virginia officialdom one is likely to find gentlemen of refinement and good manners—qualities not to be equated with a passion for justice and human rights, but assuredly to be prized in any state.

Speaking of the machine issue during his campaign for governor, John Stewart Battle said: "As for this so-called iniquitous machine, it is nothing more or less than a loosely knit group of Virginians . . . who usually think alike, who are interested in the welfare of the commonwealth, who are supremely interested in giving Virginia good

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government and good public servants, and they usually act together."

That is a sincere definition of the ideal Byrd machine from the lips of one of its most admirable products.

On the debit side, the machine has left the state sadly deficient in public services. Public schools, prisons, hospitals, and mental institutions in Virginia are on the whole far below national standards. The taxpayer gets no more than his rather low taxes will buy—perhaps even less. By neglecting the savings possible in modern large-scale construction, rigid adherence to the "pay-as-you-go" principle is proving costly in some fields. The state has been building a group of mental-hospital buildings at Dunbar, near Williamsburg, intermittently since 1934, and at the present rate of progress it will still be abuilding in 1964. The project could have been completed in short order and at far less total expense with bond financing.

The machine has made "liberal" a term of reproach among many Virginians, and it has caused the democratic principle to atrophy. It is responsible for a stuffy tendency toward uniformity of opinion in a state with an incomparably rich and varied heritage.

SOME DAY the Byrd machine will break up. In fact the process seemed already under way when the issue of race integration came along to give it a new lease on life.

Far-reaching changes are taking place in the Old Dominion. The population of the state has increased from 2,677,772 in 1940 to 3,318,680 in 1950 and to probably four million today, and the newcomers are generally ill disposed to such a thing as the Byrd machine. Most of them are either liberal Democrats from the North, or Republicans. Urbanization and industrialization also have gone on apace; the machine relies mainly on the rural vote and is anathema to organized labor.

One of the state's ten Congressional districts has detached itself almost entirely from the Byrd-machine orbit. In the Tenth District, in the metropolitan and suburban area of Washington, the Democratic committees are mostly dominated by independent or anti-machine Democrats, and a Republican, Joel T. Broyhill, is the district's representative in Congress. The population of the area has risen from 131,492 to 465,000 since 1940 and is still growing fast.

Meanwhile, Senator Byrd and his colleagues are growing older, and few new faces have appeared in the upper echelons of the machine in the past ten years. Almond, its present candidate for governor, is a comparative youngster at fifty-eight. Governor Stanley and former Governor Battle are both sixty-six. Former Governor William M. Tuck, generally regarded as the machine's second in command, and E. Blackburn Moore, speaker of the House of Delegates, are sixty. Representative Howard W. Smith, still a power in machine councils, is seventy-four. E. R. Combs, a political genius who did more to shape the modern Byrd machine than anyone else except its namesake, died last January at the age of eighty. Byrd himself is seventy, and there is no one of comparable stature in sight to succeed him when the time comes.

Melee and Maneuver

Liberal Democrats are in at least temporary eclipse in the present pro-segregation storm, but the machine has faced a serious challenge in recent years from that quarter. In 1949 Colonel Francis Pickens Miller, a liberal and belligerently anti-machine leader, ran in the Democratic gubernatorial primary and got thirty-five per cent of the vote in a four-cornered race.

Future historians may record that primary of 1949 as the beginning of the decline of the organization. Five candidates teetered on the verge of the contest, and four went into it vigorously. In addition to Battle, Edwards, and Miller, there was Remmie L. Arnold, a wealthy industrialist taking a capricious fling at politics. A conservative but not identified with the Byrd machine, Arnold fared worse than Edwards. The number of competing candidates in the primary and the size of the aggregate vote—eighteen per cent of those of voting age—were both unprecedented in recent Virginia history.

The organization was thoroughly shaken by its narrow escape from defeat in this melee. Even Byrd's eleventh-hour intervention had saved the day only by a narrow margin. Battle had received less than forty-three per cent of the vote cast. The alarming possibility loomed that in another primary a split in the organization vote might permit an anti-machine candidate to emerge with a plurality victory and take over the state administration.

In other one-party Southern states, assurance of a majority choice in the nomination of candidates for governor has long been provided by the runoff primary system. If no candidate receives a majority on the first round, a runoff contest is held between the two leading candidates. But the organization had never found this necessary in Virginia. Its own processes, called formerly "the anointment" and more recently "the Byrd nod," had always been sufficient to unite its forces behind a single candidate. The "anointed" candidate had always received an overwhelming majority of the primary vote.

At long last the managers of the Byrd organization decided to institute the runoff primary system in Virginia. No attempt was made to "sell" the idea, or even to explain it, to a large public; the word merely went down the line. When the general assembly met in 1952, the far-reaching measure was swiftly approved by a nearly unanimous vote.

HAVING fortified itself against the liberal Democratic menace, in 1953, with something like consternation, the machine found an old, old enemy advancing against it. An awakened Republican Party had found a redoubtable leader, its first since the death of Mahone in 1895. Republican State Senator Ted Dalton ran for governor and 182,887 voters came from somewhere and voted for him. They represented forty-five per cent of the total vote cast.

Although Virginia had given its electoral votes to Eisenhower and elected three Republican representatives in 1952, this large Republican vote in a state election was a general surprise. But for a certain lack of reverence for the "pay-as-you-go" principle, it is widely believed that

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Dalton would have been elected governor. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* observed recently: "Senator Dalton might well have won the Governorship in 1953, if he had not come out for a $100,000,000 bond issue."

Elated Republicans began to overhaul and expand their organization; veteran G.O.P. leaders of the old school were replaced by bustling young men. The party looked forward with confidence to a second Dalton try in 1957. But an explosive new issue was soon to make a radical change in the political picture.

The Machine Slips Gears

The Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954, declaring segregation in public schools unconstitutional "did something" to the Byrd machine no less than to Virginia. In the anger, hysteria, and confusion that ensued, its leaders behaved out of character. The organization's penny-pinching caution vanished when it came to this issue. Special commission studies, special sessions of the general assembly, and special elections were ordered, and costly legal talent was employed at the drop of a hat.

The Byrd machine's administrative system was thrown out of gear. The gentle routine in which a boss gave his commands by a nod or a seemingly casual remark was ill suited for a crisis like this. The first assumption in many quarters was that the organization would work toward a constructive solution of the problem. Governor Stanley himself, within a few hours after the decision was handed down, declared his intention to "work toward a plan which will be acceptable to our citizens and in keeping with the edict of the court."

But machine leaders soon began to confer—with extremists from the fiercely segregationist and politically powerful Black Belt doing most of the talking. On June 25 Governor Stanley executed something like an about-face, declaring: "I shall use every legal means at my command to continue segregated schools in Virginia." The Byrd-machine line had been laid down. From then on fulminations against the Supreme Court, along with their inevitable encouragement to race prejudice, became the established policy.

DEFIANCE of the Supreme Court of the United States was something new to modern Virginians, and in a large part of the state the difficulties in the way of compliance with its decision did not at first appear overwhelming. Only twenty-two per cent of the population of Virginia is colored. There is a large proportion of Negroes in the Black Belt area, but this area accounts for less than a third of the population of Virginia. In large sections of the state Negroes are no more common than they are in a number of Northern states. In twenty-one counties the Negro percentage of the population ranges from zero to five. Some of these counties would already have begun to desegregate their schools had it not been for the restraining hand of Richmond.

Desegregation initiatives, however, were squelched and voices of moderation were hushed. Under the aegis of the Byrd machine, the whole state moved toward defiance. But the public never quite kept up with the machine, and the machine, for its part, was unable to keep up with Senator Byrd, or even to fathom his intentions.

A study commission was set up, and after seventeen months it produced the Gray Plan, named after the commission's chairman, State Senator Garland Gray. The Gray Plan was considered bold at the time; in retrospect it is regarded as the essence of moderation. It consisted of elaborate devices that could be used either for circumvention of the court's ruling or for gradual compliance with it, and provided for local option on the question. Governor Stanley gave the Gray Plan his unqualified endorsement and immediately called a special session of the legislature. That body quickly ordered a special referendum election—the next step in the plan. The Byrd machine mobilized all its resources in a fierce campaign and carried the election for the plan. The third step was taken when a constitutional convention met and voted to amend the state constitution.

By that time, however, the machine had been ordered to drop the Gray Plan. Senator Byrd's thinking had gone far beyond such conciliatory measures; he was already enlisting support in Congress for the "Southern Manifesto." The Gray Plan was repudiated by all the faithful, including Mr. Gray, and the legislature moved on to "interposition" and "massive resistance."

In July, 1956, the machine's high command met in Senator Byrd's Washington office and decided to go all the way. State funds were to be cut off from any school district that might take the first step of integration. A special session of the legislature two months later enacted a series of laws, called Virginia's "first, second, third, and fourth lines of defense." They included the cut-off-the-funds law and other measures to ensure that public schools would be closed rather than integrated.

Unplanned and incoherent as the Byrd machine's course had been, it accomplished the senator's purpose of placing Virginia in the forefront

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of "massive resistance," and added to the machine's other assets what has become the most powerful political force in the South—race prejudice.

Who Said That?

The organization is riding now on the crest of the wave of prejudice and defiance. "This will keep us in power for twenty-five years!" a machine leader is widely reported to have exclaimed. Just which leader was overheard has not been revealed, but the remark undoubtedly expressed a thought in many organization minds.

This was the setting in which the present contest for the governorship developed. Senator Byrd gave his nod to Attorney General Almond, and he was nominated in a perfunctory Democratic primary. The Republican state convention, with considerable enthusiasm, nominated Dalton again.

On the all-overshadowing issue of segregation, the Virginia G.O.P. has taken a relatively moderate position. Republican strength lies mainly in those sections of Virginia where Negroes are fewest and where race feeling is least marked. Dalton has denounced "massive resistance" and is urging a plan of pupil assignment by local boards, involving presumably some integration. But "massive resistance" is still popular in Virginia, and the Democrats point with pride to the fact that under their rule no Negro child has yet been admitted to a previously all-white school.

A peremptory order for the desegregation of schools in Arlington County was issued by a Federal district court on September 14. It might have brought the state's reckless anti-integration laws into play before the present contest was over, resulting in the closing of some schools and the cutting off of state funds but it has now been suspended. The odds at this writing are against a Republican victory in November, despite the remarkable progress of the rejuvenated G.O.P.

The aging Byrd machine has received a formidable shot in the arm, one which is not likely to keep it in power for twenty-five years more but which undoubtedly will last until the segregationist hysteria has run its course.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

ERIC SEVAREID

This is the season of the year when the stream of America's public affairs breaks off into a dozen smaller and diluted channels, the period when it becomes harder than ever for those who read and listen to bring any of several complicated matters into understandable focus. The focusing mechanisms do not quite function when Congress is dispersed and the President is away. The news on what could be life-or-death matters comes in unrelated driblets, a handout statement here, a television interview there, a news conference by a secondary official somewhere else. Only on certain international affairs, on the level of the United Nations again in session, is there any real focusing through the processes of debate and analysis and conclusion.

There will be many threads, though not much of a fabric, for anyone to consider and adopt, but things have moved far enough this fall to make it a reasonable guess that three threads at least will widen and lengthen in the months ahead. Three great matters are no doubt going to absorb more and more minds, stimulate more and hotter debate, and become the dominant public issues that determine the principal work of the next Congress, and possibly the political cast of the country for a considerable period ahead.

One is race relations in this country. Those who had expected a steadily diminishing controversy, a steadily widening area of moderation, were apparently premature and possibly quite wrong. The general effect of the Little Rock affair has probably been to harden the lines in this struggle. The mood of relief and compromise in which Congress ended the last session is not likely to be there when the new session opens, and the terrible strain at the core of the national Democratic Party may only be intensified.

Another of these threads is inflation. Some men here who learn to cast their thoughts far ahead for political survival believe inflation is bound to become the most dominating political issue of all, on which the 1958 elections will turn. The news that the President will informally discuss inflation directly from time to time with a few selected Federal officials does not indicate a program for halting it, but only an increasing worry about it. Inflation itself may not become a prairie fire, but the politics inspired by inflation easily can.

The third thread is national defense. Russia seems to be switching back to an implacable cold-war line of policy, and years of warning that arbitrary budget limits are giving the Russians an alarming advantage have now been dramatized in the news about their intercontinental missile, followed almost immediately by revelations that we are actually cutting back some of our continental defenses. Pretty surely when Congress reconvenes, generalized verbal assurances will no longer suffice.

This autumn equinox has produced political thunderheads already larger than a man's hand. It will be surprising indeed if the storms fail to follow.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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A Firsthand Report On the Algerian Rebels

PETER THROCKMORTON

THERE WAS a burst of laughter from the circle of young rebels as the radio speech of Robert Lacoste, Minister Residing in Algeria, ended with a ringing *"L'Algérie restera française!"* I was sitting in a cave that was the command post of the northwest sector of the Armée de Libération Nationale (A.L.N.), the military organization of the revolution, in Oran province, Algeria, and I had just passed through fifty miles of rebel-controlled territory on my way from the Moroccan border. Mohammed ben Bella's famous statement, "In the daytime we control half of Algeria, but at night we control it all," appeared to be more believable now than when I had first heard it in the spring of 1956, when Lacoste had said that the rebellion would be over by September.

I HAD been accredited first to the French Army in Constantine province, near the Tunisian border, in the spring of 1956, when villages suspected of harboring rebels were razed as a matter of course. The French patrols I had accompanied in April of that year in the Kabylia, Oran, Alger, and Constantine were received with indifference or guarded friendliness. By July there was fear in the villagers' faces—there had been too many tough *nettoyage* operations.

But in rebel Algeria the change was incredible. Every village I visited with the A.L.N. on my two trips into rebel territory between July, 1956, and January, 1957, was like Paris on V-E Day. It is true of course that the villagers fear the rebels—the A.L.N. isn't gentle with anybody suspected of collaborating with the French—but it is certain that the enthusiasm we received in the villages of Oran and the Atlas was genuine.

The program instituted by Guy Mollet's Socialist government when Robert Lacoste had been appointed Minister Residing in Algeria in early February, 1956, had been to saturate the country with the maximum number of troops to maintain order and frustrate rebel terrorism; gain the support of the mass of Algerian peasants—the fellahin—by a huge program of social and economic reform; and, above all, convince the whole Moslem population that its future lay with France rather than with irresponsible nationalists.

But the fellahin had supported the Front de Libération Nationale (F.L.N.), which is the main political organization of the revolution, because of the natural tendency of Moslems to support Moslems against Europeans without examining the political issues involved.

'Regularizing' an Army

When I first visited a rebel camp in July, 1956, the A.L.N. was still administered by civilians, with little distinction between military officers of the A.L.N. and the leaders of purely terrorist groups working in the cities. The men seemed to change at will from soldiers taking orders to civilians operating independently and accepting only the revolutionary discipline of the F.L.N. Even in fighting units of the A.L.N., weapons varied. One "section" of thirty men might be armed with rifles requiring ten different sizes of ammunition. Communications were chaotic. There appeared to be no effort to synthesize the collective military knowledge of the A.L.N. leaders, many of whom, after all, had been in the French Army and were not unacquainted with military procedure.

But in November, 1956, when I made my second trip into rebel territory, the A.L.N. had been "regularized." Its tasks were to carry out military operations, to control and discipline primitive tribesmen and dislocated farmers, and to bring the civil administration of the F.L.N. to the hinterlands to collect taxes, to mediate in local disputes, and to administer medical services wherever possible. More important from a military viewpoint, the make-up of the A.L.N. itself was codified. Recruits were required in future to be literate, French-speaking, and politically reliable.

Algeria had been divided by the rebels into six districts (*wilayas*): Aurès-Nemenchas, Nord-Constantinas et Base de l'Est, Kabylie, Algérois, Oranie, and Sahara—each commanded by a colonel responsible to the Committee of Co-ordination and Execution. Pay scales, pension plans, uniform regulations, tables of organization, and standards of equipment were outlined. Communications systems were established as well as medical staff requirements, intelligence procedures, and an organized plan for recording casualties and pensioning families of the dead and wounded. Ordnance and quartermaster responsibilities were delegated and estimates of specialized needs were made.

Under the new chain of command, a political officer was attached to every rebel unit of company size or over. His reports went directly to F.L.N. headquarters and came back to the military commanders as orders—although the authority of A.L.N. officers in action is absolute. Frequently the political officer is also supply or intelligence officer for the unit to which he is attached.

DRISS, F.L.N. logistics chief in Morocco, is a typical revolutionary. In his middle thirties, he rose from a background of urban poverty to work his way through medical school in France. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was a successful general practitioner in Oran, interested

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in politics but not active. His politics became active when the French police attempted to jail him for treating rebel wounded and he was forced to flee to Morocco. Driss always makes it clear that he is not anti-French but anti-colonialist and that he owes a great deal to France. He says he wants to go back to his practice when the fighting is over, that he has no permanent interest in politics.

Noureddine is an example of the same type in the military branch. He had been a career soldier in the French Army in Algeria with the rank of warrant officer. In the spring of 1956, disgusted by French policies and torn by conflicting loyalties, he deserted and went to live with relatives in Morocco, hoping to stay uninvolved. In Morocco he heard stories of French atrocities from refugees pouring across the border. He wrestled with his conscience for weeks, and finally joined the rebels. He is a typical professional soldier—calm and competent. He sees himself as a soldier doing his job and is not a fanatic.

It should be emphasized that these are fairly ordinary men with normal ambitions. Perhaps the greatest tragedy of French policies in Algeria is the fact that many educated people with no interest in personal power have finally been convinced that force is the only solution to the situation. Few of them are the sort of devout Moslems who might see the North African conflict as a holy war.

Hadj, a company commander I met in Oran, is a different type. He joined the French Army at the beginning of the Second World War, was captured by the Germans in 1940, escaped, then joined the Free French. He spent five years in Indo-China and was air-evacuated from Dienbienphu shortly before it was captured by the Communists and sent to a French hospital near Paris. There he heard of the almost total destruction of his native village, including the murder of his wife and children. He escaped from the hospital, deserted from the French Army, made his way across France on crutches to Marseilles, and stowed away on a ship bound for Algiers. Once in Algeria he joined the rebels and is now one of their most fearless combat commanders.

A great many of the men of the F.L.N.-A.L.N. attended French universities and are culturally as French as Algerian. Some are even married to French girls, who support their husbands in the cause of Algerian nationalism.

Spirit and Self-Respect

In the A.L.N. there is little middle ground in discipline between a reprimand and an execution. At headquarters camp in Oran, a young sergeant accidentally discharged his automatic pistol in the armory, missing a case of dynamite caps by about two inches. His lieutenant was furious; the sergeant's carelessness had endangered the lives of at least ten men. The sergeant was reprimanded in private by the lieutenant. He wept, and the incident was forgotten. At the other extreme, in one camp I visited a recruit was executed for buying a package of French cigarettes. To the Algerians it was

Greer & Throckmorton

A.L.N. Nurses at Work

perfectly logical. The Algerian people had been forbidden by the A.L.N. to smoke French cigarettes because it meant contributing to the French-imposed cigarette tax, which has been increased to pay for the war. Payment by an A.L.N. soldier of even a few francs into the French war chest is treason.

One of the first things that impressed me, as an outsider, was this army's dedication. Spirit is the one commodity that the rebels have in plenty. All the young soldiers I met —and I interviewed over two hundred—seemed completely prepared to die for their country. A rebel captain once told me that though his men were ready to die he had a terrible time getting them to clean their rifles. Some A.L.N. camps had the atmosphere of a reform school. Boys who had been starving in the cities—pimping, peddling dirty post cards or cheap watches, brought up in the grinding poverty of the Casbah—finally were acquiring some kind of identity and self-respect. For the first time in their lives they were treated as human beings.

Even for the better-educated Algerians, self-respect is also a strong motivation. Like backward groups everywhere, the Algerian Moslem population had its share of people who once believed that an education would free them from the economic and social repression suffered by their less fortunate brothers. Finally they began to see that their education was a handicap—not only were they still distrusted by the French but they were distrusted by illiterate Moslems because of their French education and associations. More and more students began to join the A.L.N. Today the backbone of the A.L.N. is made up of former high-school and college students. A young lieutenant I met told me: "The French say, 'The Arabs are a dirty race.' Well, maybe that's true, but we don't want to remain a dirty race any longer and that's what the French don't understand about this war."

A REFRAIN I heard constantly was "We must be modern." Modernity is something with which most of the rebels are preoccupied but about which they are confused. A rebel soldier will call headquarters on his squad radio, even when headquarters is only a ten-minute walk away; the radio is "modern."

One military result of the F.L.N.-A.L.N. organizational setup is a highly efficient intelligence system that operates on every level in Algeria. On two occasions A.L.N. units I accompanied in Oran and the Atlas were informed of projected French operations before the French commanders concerned. When I first

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was accredited by the rebels, I found that they knew where I had been in Algeria and who my contacts were. Most village boys spy for the A.L.N., carry supplies, and steal French equipment when they can. Intelligence is the key to the rebels' survival, for it allows them to retain the initiative and stay out of the way of the French Army.

When I first visited the A.L.N. units I saw weapons from at least a dozen different nations—mostly surplus from the North African campaigns of the Second World War and captured French equipment. Nowadays it is rumored that the A.L.N. will accept only arms from NATO nations because of the move toward standardization. After the reorganization, each section of thirty men theoretically had two U.S. Army surplus walkie-talkies and a light machine gun or mortar, and all the men in a section had rifles that took the same ammunition.

Although the A.L.N. is taking tremendous losses, manpower is not a problem. Because of the shortage of weapons, the A.L.N. is probably about as big as it will ever be at any given time. In principle, it lives off the land, but there is a limit to the resources of the poverty-stricken fellahin. In the areas I visited I saw hundreds of tribesmen and farmers beg to join regular A.L.N. units, but they were told they must stay in their villages and "await the orders of the A.L.N."

The A.L.N. district commander must be an expert politician, for in many areas he is dealing with guerrilla bands that outnumber his own command and that take unkindly to revolutionary discipline. The Melouza incident, in which a village was wiped out by armed irregulars, the French claiming that the A.L.N. was responsible while the A.L.N. put the blame on the French, is an example of the confusion that exists in Algeria today.

IN THE MIDST of this confusion, the F.L.N.'s policy is simple: Create a state of complete insecurity in Algeria and take advantage of it with a positive program. There can be no doubt of the rebels' success in *creating insecurity; whether they can* follow through with their program is less certain.

Can U.S. Troops Get Justice in Foreign Courts?

HERMINE HERTA MEYER

THE ATTACKS against the NATO Status of Forces Agreement have received new vigor through the unfortunate publicity attached to the case of Army Specialist 3/c William S. Girard, who killed a Japanese woman in Japan.

Criticism of the NATO Status of Forces Agreement has been directed against two points: first, that through the agreement our government has signed away important constitutional rights of American servicemen by permitting foreign courts to exercise jurisdiction over them; and second, that Americans tried in foreign courts cannot find justice because foreign legal systems lack the high standards of our own.

THESE ATTACKS are not new, nor is the text of House Joint Resolution 16, which the House Foreign Affairs Committee approved on June 26, 1957. It had been introduced by Representative Frank T. Bow (R., Ohio) in 1955 but it needed the excitement over the Girard case to induce the committee to act. Resolution 16 provides that the President shall "forthwith" seek "elimination or modification of Article VII" of the NATO Status of Forces Agreement "so that foreign countries will not have criminal jurisdiction over American military personnel stationed within their boundaries." If this cannot be accomplished, then the President should denounce the agreement and take similar steps with respect to any other agreements "permitting foreign countries to exercise criminal jurisdiction over American Armed Forces. . . ."

Congressman Bow and with him the Foreign Affairs Committee seemed to think that if they eliminated or modified Article VII, or even denounced the whole agreement, American servicemen stationed abroad would no longer be subject to the criminal jurisdiction of their host countries. They evidently believed that it was the agreement that conferred jurisdiction over American troops on the foreign nations. Accustomed during the long years of war and occupation to see American troops exempt from foreign jurisdiction, many people thought that international law granted troops immunities similar to those of diplomatic representatives. International law is created either by treaties or by tacit agreements among nations. While diplomatic immunity is an international rule of very long standing, there is no such generally accepted rule with respect to troops stationed by one nation on the territory of another by mutual consent. The nation receiving the troops is free to state on what conditions it consents to do so.

The Status of Forces Agreement represents such mutual consent; Article VII establishes the rules of criminal jurisdiction under which nations agree to receive foreign troops. In effect this was what the U.S. Supreme Court held in the Girard case. The starting point of any discussion is the rule cited by the Supreme Court: "A sovereign nation has exclusive jurisdiction to punish offenses against its laws committed within its borders, unless it expressly or impliedly consents to surrender its jurisdiction."

This means that if in France an American soldier kills another American soldier, it is homicide committed on French territory and subject to the jurisdiction of the French courts. By Article VII, France has agreed not to make use of its right to try the offender in such cases but to permit the United States to exercise criminal jurisdiction on French soil. This, too, was clearly expressed by the Supreme Court in the Girard decision, where the Court said that the only question before it was whether the United States Constitution or any

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act of Congress prohibited the United States Army from waiving "the qualified jurisdiction granted by Japan," and this question was answered in the negative.

In order to supply such legislation Senator George A. Smathers (D., Florida) submitted Senate Resolution 163 and Representative Paul J. Kilday (D., Texas) introduced House Resolution 8704, both attempting to prohibit the armed forces from waiving jurisdiction where, under a treaty, each branch would have a primary right to try its members. In a statement to the House Armed Services Committee on July 26, Army Secretary Wilber M. Brucker pointed out that in the past the host nations have waived their primary jurisdiction in 87.54 per cent of the cases; a law preventing the U.S. forces from waiving jurisdiction would force our allies to do the same, and the result would be a sizable increase in the number of American servicemen tried by foreign courts. Deputy Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy, in a prepared statement delivered by the State Department's legal adviser Loftus Becker, corroborated this by telling the committee that as a practical matter the foreign authorities would simply refuse to give up American servicemen apprehended by them, which would apply in the majority of cases. He also reminded the committee that Congress could not unilaterally abrogate principles of international law, especially where, as here, Congress is dealing with attributes of sovereignty.

Our Allies Are Sovereign Nations

Herein lies the reason why Congress will find itself frustrated in any one-sided action short of recalling the troops: The allies of the United States are sovereign nations and not satellites. Congress is powerless to enact any law that could bind them, just as no law enacted by them could bind the United States. If the NATO countries agreed to eliminate Article VII as demanded by the Bow resolution, this would merely result in restoring to the host states unlimited jurisdiction over any and all crimes committed on their territory and in depriving the sending state of the limited jurisdiction it now has under Article VII. Abolition of the whole agreement would have the same result. It must be understood that the agreement did not "give" anything to any nation. On the contrary, each participant to the agreement gave something up: It relinquished a piece of its sovereignty by permitting the nation sending troops to exercise on its soil a limited amount of criminal jurisdiction.

THE QUESTION now arises whether such limited jurisdiction can be enlarged so that, as demanded by the Bow resolution, "foreign countries will not have criminal jurisdiction over American military personnel. . . ." The question was, in fact, considered by the Senate when it debated ratification of the agreement. At that time Senator John W. Bricker attempted to do what the House Foreign Affairs Committee seemed to be aiming at; namely, to obtain for American soldiers immunity from the criminal jurisdiction of the foreign nations in which they are stationed. For this purpose he proposed a reservation to the agreement providing that the sending nation should have exclusive jurisdiction over all members of its force with respect to all offenses committed within the territory of the receiving nation and that the United States, as a receiving nation, should waive any jurisdiction over the members of a force of a sending nation with respect to all offenses committed within the territory of the United States. This reservation was rejected by a vote of 53 to 27, and for good reason.

Suppose a member of a foreign force stationed in the United States with our government's consent (there are now ten to twelve thousand members each year of foreign forces under mutual security agreements in the United States) murders or rapes an American girl in Ohio or Indiana and is arrested by local police. Then it becomes known that the local courts cannot try him because the President of the United States with the advice and consent of the Senate has made a treaty by which he exempted foreign servicemen from the jurisdiction of the courts of the United States. A cry of indignation would go up that the Federal government had sold the rights of the states down the river. This would have been the result had the Bricker reservation been adopted; it would have deprived American courts, state as well as Federal, of their jurisdiction over all crimes committed by a member of a NATO force.

Here is the dilemma: A "modification" of Article VII that would exempt American servicemen from the criminal jurisdiction of foreign courts would also exempt foreign servicemen from the jurisdiction of American courts, and our Senate was not prepared to consent to this; an elimination of Article VII or even an abolition of the entire agreement would merely result in depriving the United States, as a sending nation, of its limited jurisdiction under the agreement.

Some people feel that since American servicemen abroad outnumber by far foreign servicemen on American soil and since they are there in our allies' interest as well as our own, our allies ought to be willing to make more concessions than we are willing to make. That may be quite true, and our allies have in fact done so by waiving their jurisdiction over American servicemen in the great majority of cases. A rigid prohibition of waiver as envisaged by Senator Smathers's resolution or Mr. Kilday's bill would merely destroy the co-operation achieved under the waiver provision. Probably as a result of the impressive statements by the spokesmen for the Defense and State Departments, the bill was considerably softened. As reported to the House on August 5, 1957, it provides merely that the Secretary of the military department concerned, or an Under Secretary or Assistant Secretary, shall determine whether the United States has primary jurisdiction—and only the Secretary of the military department concerned is authorized to pass on a request for waiver of such primary jurisdiction.

The Standards of Foreign Justice

With regard to the second criticism, that Americans tried in foreign courts cannot find justice because foreign legal systems do not match the standards of our own, it must be said that in general the legal system governing the democracies

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of Continental Europe has practically all the major constitutional safeguards known to American courts, that it is much less expensive for the accused, and that the penalties are much less harsh than those under American laws. The discussion here will be confined to the one institution that seems to be foremost in the minds of many people: the presumption of innocence and the burden of proof.

Statutes and court decisions explain that the effect of a "presumption of innocence" is only to place upon the state the burden of proving a defendant guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. It is the popular belief that this is a rule peculiar to Anglo-American law, and that in the Continental legal system the burden is on the accused to prove himself innocent. This is not the case.

Under Continental law a wrongful act alone can never be a crime. To make a person guilty of a crime, the following elements must be present:

(1) He must have committed a wrongful act.

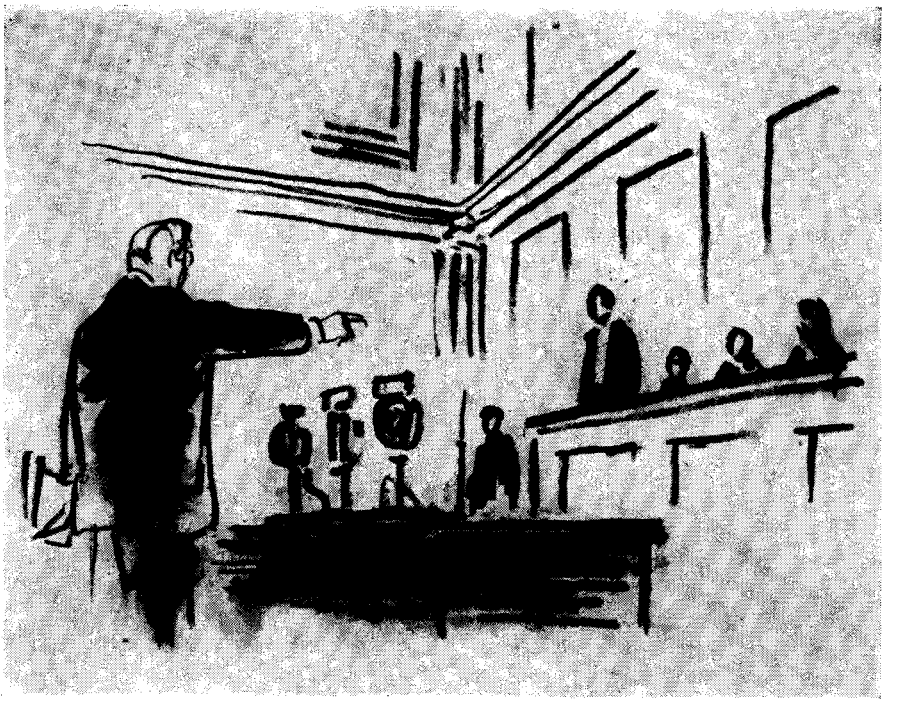
(2) He must have acted with intent. (In some exceptional cases criminal negligence suffices, but only where the law expressly so provides; otherwise there must be intent.)

(3) He must have known all essential elements of the wrongful act. (For instance, if he took something from another in the belief that it belonged to him, he cannot be guilty of theft.)

(4) He must have acted in full command of his mental faculties. (An insane man cannot be responsible for a crime.)

(5) There were no circumstances excluding his responsibility. (For instance, he did not act in self-defense.)

All these elements must be proved by the state and it is the duty of the court to ascertain the truth. If there is doubt about the accused's guilt, the rule "*in dubio pro reo*" applies, which means that in case of doubt the decision must be in favor of the accused.



In the United States there are many statutes on the books casting the burden of proof on the accused. Back in 1937, Livingston Hall reported in an article in the *Harvard Law Review* some forty provisions of this kind for New York alone, and they have not diminished since. For instance, the narcotics statutes make mere possession of narcotics sufficient to authorize conviction unless the accused adduces evidence explaining such possession to the satisfaction of the jury. Possession of incriminating evidence, no doubt, is important circumstantial evidence, but there are those who argue that it should not alone be sufficient to convict. If a smuggler, afraid of discovery, places narcotics into another person's luggage (and this has happened), the victim has no way of explaining how they got there.

One case became widely known. In November, 1955, Robert J. Enzensperger, a schoolteacher, left San Francisco by plane for a weekend trip. In Las Vegas, where he changed planes, his bag got lost. When Enzensperger came to retrieve it, he was arrested because marijuana had been found in his bag. His fervent assertions that he knew nothing about it were of no avail. He was convicted and sentenced to from two to ten years in prison, the evidence being only his possession of the narcotic. Fortunately for him, someone on the San Francisco *News* did not believe him guilty and kept up a fight for him. There was a clue that his bag had been tampered with because it was unusually light and the contents were not the same. Enzensperger's nightmare ended in May, 1956, when Governor Charles H. Russell of Nevada, convinced of his innocence, pardoned him. Under Continental law he could not have been convicted because the government did not prove his "guilt."

Knowledge of all elements constituting a crime is important because an error concerning such an element may free a person from criminal responsibility. On the Continent, such knowledge must always be proved by the prosecution. Thus, if a person takes a chattel from another in the belief that it is his property, it is not theft.

But there are some cases in which even lack of knowledge cannot be shown as a defense in the United States—statutory rape, for example. Rape is illicit carnal knowledge of a woman without her consent. If she consents, there can be no rape. In order to protect young girls, the laws provide that sexual intercourse with a girl under a certain age is rape, regardless of her consent. This "statutory" age is in most European countries fourteen or sixteen, in most of the United States sixteen, in some eighteen. If in the United States a young man goes on a ride with a girl (not his wife) under the

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statutory age and they do what they should not do, then the young man has committed statutory rape. He cannot defend himself afterwards by saying that the girl had told him she was nineteen, and that she looked it.

It makes no difference whether or not he knew how old she was, that he used no force, and that she in fact consented. He is guilty of statutory rape and has incurred the severe penalties customary under American law for this offense. Continental lawyers encountering this piece of American law are profoundly shocked because, as shown above, in Continental law no person can ever be guilty of a crime unless he acts with intent and knowledge of all the elements which will make that act a crime.

During the Second World War the British Parliament had granted complete extraterritoriality to American troops under conditions where Britain, fighting for its life, wanted all the troops it could get. This, as it turned out, was not an unmixed blessing. During those years there were a number of cases of rape among American servicemen and the Army inflicted the death penalty, which military justice specifies for rape other than statutory. The result was a storm of criticism from the British press and from the British public. Rape is not a capital crime in Britain or on the European Continent. Moreover, many of the Continental countries have abolished the death penalty altogether.

As a result of this, Article VII of the NATO Status of Forces Agreement contains a provision stating that "A death sentence shall not be carried out in the receiving State by the authorities of the sending State if the legislation of the receiving State does not provide for such punishment in a similar case."

The Element of Impartiality

It should be clear by now that Continental law does *not* require a defendant to prove his innocence. In criminal proceedings only one thing should matter as far as the state is concerned: to find out the facts as they really happened.

The best way to accomplish this is through a careful investigation. Continental laws leave only preliminary investigation in the hands of prosecution and police. In all serious cases and where the facts are complicated, there must be judicial investigation under supervision of a magistrate (in France called *juge d'instruction*) who supplies the element of impartiality at the investigating stage which cannot be expected of prosecution and police. The judicial investigation is so carefully regulated that American lawyers have often mistaken it for part of the actual trial and have criticized the fact that the procedure is not public. It has never occurred to them that the corresponding phase of American proceedings also is not public. No American investigator during a criminal investigation interrogates witnesses in public and in the presence of the suspect, and grand-jury proceedings are kept in deepest secrecy.

BUT the misdirected criticism has had good results because it helped those on the Continent working for reforms to obtain constant improvements in the position of the accused. The investigating machinery of the state is available to the accused to obtain evidence for his defense, as, for instance, to find witnesses or have an alibi checked. He is customarily interrogated to give him a chance to tell his side of the story, but he must be advised that he does not have to talk. The French rule that such interrogations may take place only in the presence of defense counsel is meant to prevent surprise and catch questions. Neither police nor investigating magistrate may coerce confessions, and lie detectors are ruled out.

A German high-court decision prohibits their use even if the suspect consents, because otherwise, as the court said, a refusal to consent might easily be taken as admission of guilt. The ruling of the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Mallory case, which in effect says that a person must not be held by police in order to elicit a confession, is law in all Continental democracies. The ruling in the Jencks case, where the Supreme Court held that the defendant may see statements of witnesses made to the investigating authority (in that case the FBI), is also law in those countries. In France the law expressly provides that refusal of permission to inspect the dossier (the record of the investigating authority) *before* the official accusation (indictment) will lead to dismissal of the whole procedure.

Continental countries consider their carefully planned investigating stage the best guarantee for the protection of innocent persons and also for obtaining conviction of the guilty. The investigating magistrate does not make the formal accusation. That is done by other judges who have an opportunity to see the evidence on both sides. Under American procedure, indictment by grand jury is usually based upon only the one-sided information supplied by the prosecution. Trial on the Continent is open and public and resembles a trial here in many ways. Again, none of the judges who participated in a case during investigation and accusation may be one of the trial judges.

THUS criminal laws in Continental democracies are in many ways more favorable to the accused than they are here, and Continental procedural laws have pretty much the same procedural safeguards as those guaranteed by our Bill of Rights. This is not surprising. European philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had helped to spread the same ideas about freedom and dignity of the individual that are embodied in our Constitution. In Europe the French Revolution opened the way for their realization. But the Americans had their Revolution first and they enacted into law what were at that time on the Continent merely wishes. No wonder the American Bill of Rights was greeted with great enthusiasm and served as example for many declarations of human rights on the Continent. The Bill of Rights is still the greatest asset of the United States in the hearts of many people. Was not NATO created for the very purpose of protecting those rights? If the American people want to withdraw from NATO, then they should do so after discussing the desirability of such a step honestly and openly, uninfluenced by false information about foreign institutions.

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VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Late Operas Of Richard Strauss

ROLAND GELATT

RICHARD STRAUSS's later operas—the works of his middle and old age, from *Ariadne auf Naxos* (1912) to *Capriccio* (1942)—have rapidly emerged in recent years from a heavy cloud of disapproval and prejudice. Between the world wars it became a commonplace of music criticism to assert that Strauss had written himself out at the age of forty-seven with the completion of his fifth opera, *Der Rosenkavalier,* in 1911. That gracious tragicomedy set in Maria Theresa's Vienna represented, we were assured, the dead end of a glorious but short creative road. Although ten more operas emerged from Strauss's workshop after *Rosenkavalier,* they were dismissed as tired, repetitious workings of a depleted vein: the mixture as before, minus the old vitality.

Thus Olin Downes, after attending a Strauss festival at Frankfurt in 1927, could ask: "What has become of the early Strauss? What is the inside story of the man and artist, the descent from the heroic and magnificent music that once he flung on paper to the pedestrian and bourgeois manifestations of today?" An English critic, Cecil Gray, writing at about the same time, was ready to venture an answer: "His [Strauss's] faculty of self-criticism, though never his strong point, has completely deserted him. . . . He has manifestly no longer the desire to write a fine work, let alone the capacity. Even the workmanship in his later period is no longer distinguished, but slipshod, flaccid, and slovenly. Not only is the artist in Strauss dead, but even the craftsman has lost his conscience and integrity." Outside Germany no dissenting voice to this chorus of denigration was raised. Even so partisan a Straussian as Ernest Newman detected in the operas of the composer's old age only an "empty echo of the earlier man of genius."

A Reappraisal with Praise

Political considerations helped to militate against non-German acceptance of Strauss's later works. Five of the post-*Rosenkavalier* operas were composed after 1932, and hence bore the stigma of belonging to Nazi *Kultur.* The stigma was undeserved (one of these operas, *Die Schweigsame Frau,* was set in defiance of the Nazis to a libretto by the non-Aryan Stefan Zweig; another, *Der Friedenstag,* produced in 1938, was strongly pacifist in content), but the taint of the swastika nevertheless effectively limited Strauss's audience. Decline of communications between Germany and the outside world after 1939 isolated the composer even further. How could we know in 1942 that a masterpiece (for such *Capriccio* surely is) had been created within the somber confines of Hitler's Festung Europa?

A reappraisal began immediately after the Second World War, during the sunset of Strauss's long life. One by one the operas after *Rosenkavalier* were taken down from the shelf and examined with fresh eyes and ears. Late Strauss was suddenly accepted as vintage Strauss, and Mr. Newman—amid similar recantations by several of his colleagues—was heard to admit that the "empty echo" view had been a mistaken one. This rehabilitation was already under way when Strauss died in 1949. Since then it has unceasingly gathered momentum. Four of the "later period" operas—*Ariadne, Die Frau ohne Schatten, Arabella,* and *Capriccio*—are now staples of the central European opera repertory. All but the second of these have been successfully exported to the United States; and even *Die Frau ohne Schatten,* the least approachable of Strauss's operas, is scheduled for a New York première (in concert form) this winter.

Our deferred recognition of these works bears no relation to the usual musical time lag—that "breaking-in" period during which ears grow accustomed to a difficult new idiom. Strauss's music presents no problems comparable to those posed by Bartók, say, or the twelve-tone composers. This very accessibility, however, may—at the moment of first encounter—have created its own obstacles. The Strauss of *Arabella* spoke with the same accent and utilized the same vocabulary as the Strauss of *Rosenkavalier.* In 1933 that seemed rather heinous. It no longer does today. The last line of *Arabella*—"*Ich kann nicht anders werden, nimm mich, wie ich bin*" ("I cannot change, accept me

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as I am")—applies precisely to Strauss the composer. Now that we are approaching the centenary of his birth, we need no longer fret over his old-fashioned and unchanging means of expression. Rather can we take him as he is, value his constancy, and appreciate that he was capable—like Mozart—of using the same language throughout his lifework to say many things.

The Role of the LP

In this reassessment of what has been called Strauss's third period, the LP record has played an important role, as it has with so much other unfamiliar and undervalued music. Strauss operas benefit particularly from the kind of attentive listening that the phonograph encourages, for they reveal themselves fully only to the listener who comprehends their subtle musical-literary relationships. To relish *Il Trovatore* one need not delve into the inanities of its libretto; a mere gloss of the plot will suffice. But *Ariadne* is something else; much of its delight depends on understanding the urbane artifices of the text by Hugo von Hofmannsthal to which Strauss set his ravishing musical commentary. No better introduction is possible than the phonograph record, with libretto in hand.

Ariadne is an opera about an opera. The scene is laid in the house of a wealthy Viennese patron of the arts; the time is the eighteenth century. An opera has been commissioned for the entertainment of the rich man and his guests, and this is to be followed by a frivolous comedy. But a last-minute change of plans is decreed: To save time (for a fireworks display has been added to the evening's schedule), the opera and comedy are to be played simultaneously, one in combination with the other. A long scene develops the reaction of the assembled musicians and actors to this pronouncement, and then the curtain rises on their hastily improvised joint production—the classical tragedy of Ariadne in Naxos leavened with flippant burlesque. This device of an opera within an opera allows Strauss to achieve a fascinating synthesis of musical styles—*opera seria* and *opera buffa*, the sublime and the mundane intertwined with joyful skill. A complete recording of *Ariadne* expertly conducted by Herbert von Karajan has been issued by Angel. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf sings with care and richness in the part of Ariadne, and several of the lesser roles are handled with great proficiency. There is, unfortunately, more bellow than *bel canto* in the Bacchus sung by Rudolf Schock, and Irmgard Seefried as the Composer seems too much concerned with negotiating notes, but these minor failings do not in any vital way diminish the enchantment of this nimble and song-filled score.

Die Frau ohne Schatten is now a specialty of the house at the Vienna State Opera, and it was there that the complete recording, just released here by London Records, was made. This opera, first performed in 1919, may be said to stand midway between the *Ring* and *Wozzeck*. Its mammoth orchestra, its battery of leitmotivs, and its deep ruminations about gods and mortals remind one of Wagner, while its expressionistic treatment of psychic forces anticipates Alban Berg. Hofmannsthal's libretto, laden with fantasy and symbolic meanings, is easy to ridicule; just the same, one can name few opera texts of comparable literary quality. Whether its abstractions suited Strauss well is another question altogether. I shall want to hear *Die Frau ohne Schatten* many more times before making up my mind, but I suspect that the composer was more hampered than inspired by the multiple significances of this complicated fairy tale. Still, the long score (it runs to ten LP sides) contains many powerful and luxuriant moments that no Strauss lover will want to miss. London is to be congratulated for providing the home listener with an excellent libretto and thematic commentary.

In *Arabella* (1933), the last of Strauss's collaborations with Hofmannsthal, the composer returned to the milieu in which he was happiest: the glittering society of imperial Austria, with its panniered ladies and crafty lackeys, its splendid balls and suppers, its jealousies and longings and cupidities. Neville Cardus has observed that Strauss proved with *Arabella* "that he was the only composer living who could compose a Strauss opera." Call it, if you will, a rewrite of *Der Rosenkavalier*, it is nonetheless a wonderfully effective one. (Would it have been so terrible if Mozart had lived to compose another *Figaro*?) Later this year London Records will issue a complete *Arabella* recorded in Vienna with much the same cast that was heard in last season's Metropolitan production—Lisa Della Casa as Arabella, Hilde Gueden as Zdenka, and George London as Mandryka. There is also a single LP put out by Angel of highlights from the opera, which has the ever-stylish Schwarzkopf in the role of Arabella and a rather gruff Mandryka in the person of Josef Metternich.

Strauss's Old Man's Opera

German writers on music with a penchant for comparison have likened *Rosenkavalier* to *Figaro*, *Ariadne* to *Cosi fan Tutte*, and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* to *Die Zauberflöte*, parallels that have some meaning provided they are not pushed too far. If the game is to be extended to *Capriccio*, one would have to abandon Mozart and fasten instead onto Verdi's *Falstaff*, for Strauss's last work for the lyric theater—like Verdi's—is an old man's opera, a *jeu d'esprit* written purely to please himself. It is, in Strauss's own words, "an hors d'oeuvre, a treatise on drama, a fugue for the stage."

Again the characters and setting are familiar: peruked aristocrats in a chandeliered castle, this time in eighteenth-century France. But now all passion is spent, and instead of exalting the yearnings of young love Strauss dwells on a subject that occupied him for half a century—the

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relationship between words and music. The writing is complex, understated, fleeting, the kind of music that yields increasing treasure the more it is heard. A complete recording of *Capriccio* has just been taped in London by Angel Records, and another is due to be made next year in Vienna by London Records. While we wait for these to appear, we can play two older recordings (by Angel and London) of the magically nostalgic last scene with which Strauss bade farewell to opera.

THE establishment of "late Strauss" in our mid-twentieth-century affections can be traced in no small measure to the famine that has gripped the lyric stage for at least thirty years. Contemporary composers have given us few viable operas and by their default have sent us scurrying to the library to resurrect forgotten Bellini and neglected Strauss. Though Strauss ceased to be contemporary, musically speaking, long ago and remained doggedly faithful to his old devices (the ever-ascending sequences, the tinseled harmonic icing of celestas and harps, the great surges of divided strings), he nevertheless managed to create operas that work on the stage and linger in our memories.

And how magnificently he could rise to an occasion! One can, to be sure, single out sections of routine note spinning in all his operas, but the climactic moments never find him wanting. When the Composer in *Ariadne* searches for a divine melody, Strauss gives him a tune of ineffable sweetness; when Arabella finally comes face to face with "the right one," Strauss fills the scene with quiet rapture; when Flamand sets the poet's sonnet to music in *Capriccio*, Strauss finds a song of vaulting beauty.

There comes a moment in the third act of *Die Meistersinger* when Walther has finished the last stanza of the "Prize Song" and Sachs remarks to Eva with simple authority, *"Lausch', Kind! das ist ein Meisterlied"* ("Hark, child! That is a master song"). Only a great composer could have written music to sustain such a moment. Wagner brought it off, and so—in like situations—did Strauss. When the chips were down, the old master could turn up an ace.

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The Sun And the Icicle

WILLIAM SANSOM

THE OSTBAN, or East Station, at Oslo. Simple bleached pink classic façade—might be Toulouse. Trams. Cars. A skyscraper hotel. Above all, the *firm* feeling of a capital terminus and an immediate sensation of stale air. Stale air in this northern fjord-set Oslo? Only in relation to the cleaner air of the hills left behind. Compared with, say, Brussels, Oslo smells like a mountain. But all is relative, and now for the first few minutes Oslo smells of gasoline and the used breaths of so many people so suddenly busying about.

OSLO has often been accounted one of the uglier capitals, though all who say this emphasize the consolation of easily accessible fjordways and the countryside all around. It depends upon your meaning of ugliness. The largest buildings—the Parliament, the City Hall, the Royal Theatre, and the Palace—are hardly prepossessing. The neo-Romanesque, rounded Parliament Building is like a pale-brick gasworks. The large Royal Palace is a too-blank, pale-pillared classic weight for its situation—so blank it gives the shrouded effect of a façade with painters forever at work at the undercoat stage. The City Hall is a gigantic tour de force in dark-red brick, towered and castellated, which impresses with size and efficiency but also with some kind of compendious nullity. Go inside this giant (opened officially in 1950) and you will find vast and richly furnished halls decorated with vast and richly furnished murals that depict patriotic and sociologic myths on an intense, earnest scale. After the first dazzled minutes, you may notice that of all the forms of life depicted, laughter is omitted: Laughter has no place in this formalized ecstasy.

All these cynosures and a heterogeneous mass of nineteenth- and twentieth-century office buildings form a fairly compact and small, workable center ranged about two natural beauties—a long tree-shaded strolling grassway called Studenterlunden, and the quays of the fjord waters fanning elegantly out to a near horizon of islands and promontories. Usually such compact city centers have some sort of architectural unity. Here there is none, and it is this that the casual eye condemns as ugly.

Yet on later consideration one may sense another kind of beauty, or at least a happy affirmative quality about all this: It has *brio*, bright energy, and it is exactly its preposterous heterogeneity that finally appeals. And, in between monuments, one notices that Oslo confects a pretty life at street level: cafés with lemon-yellow lanterns set among the trees, a small cliff made into a big beer garden overlooking the harbor, a good glint of plate-glass windows everywhere, and one of the most bright and energetic crowds of any city, peppered with Oslo's extraordinary wealth of beautiful women. The myth of the Scandinavian blonde becomes true: Blue eyes that seem always on the point of tears, terribly delicate skins, hair indeed of spun gold or of sprinkled ash, and often a visionary vacancy of expression, as though they had just a minute before flowered and had not yet noticed the presence of the world about them—one may sit and watch this goddess life pass in what begins to seem like a sacrificial procession. The men of Oslo, who are not bad-looking themselves, must be congratulated on what at least looks like good fortune.

A General Gusto

A place of such varied architecture is naturally rich in enchanting corners. Sit, for instance, at the street café on Karl Johansgate beneath the Tostrup Building. Under a hot blue sky the Romanesque skyline of the Parliament a few yards across the road gives you a crazy feeling of being really in Italy—or rather unreally, as if you sat actually within a hard Victorian engraving of a curved Italian castle. Then look above the baskets of nasturtiums and violas at your elbow, above the lemon lamps and the parasol, and you have the black façade of that Tostrup Building, busy with stone shields and masks and *putti*, and ending in a most extravagant roof: turreted, grotesquely spired, and fenced with filigree iron like a French Renaissance château built for a witch. At eye level, as a proper condiment to all this, there may pass among the ordinary crowd a group of student girls in white dresses and white stockings and black tasseled caps, and a few male students with strange devices, say a red cutout of an octopus sewn into the backs of their lounge-suit jackets, and then a small boy with Lars from Mars on his jumper, and a bandsman in a lounge suit carrying a euphonium in one hand and a rolled umbrella in the other, and finally one of the Royal Guards in his epaulettes and plumed derby hat.

TAKE a short walk down to the quay, and up a few cliffside feet to the Skansen beer garden. There, under the trees, among what seems like half a thousand tables, among geraniums and the bombazine-and-white waitresses, sit and listen to the music of four gray-suited gentlemen in Homburgs blowing cornets and trombones in the shade of a bandstand; and see, over the near water, across little boats and a lazy business of joy riders and quay strollers, a whole huge ship, liner-size, raised up dry in a floating dock. That it is in a dock you can rationalize. But where else have you ever seen such a ship showing so much of its underneath, poised in the air? In a toyshop.

It is a big ship, but not as big as the City Hall shadowing like a Brobdingnagian red toy castle the corner of your right eye.

I write all this to emphasize that the North, and the Norwegian North, is not only a mass of smiling fields peopled by smiling peasant

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costumes, nor an orderly gray place filled with energetic Lutheran business Vikings. And Oslo, with its energetic beauty, its orderly disorder, epitomizes a general gusto. Indeed, this city has so many different faces that very often you feel that perhaps you are somewhere else altogether. For a moment, on the pleasure-boat quays, one is reminded of Marseilles—it is much cleaner but roughly the same shape as the Vieux Port, with Studenterlunden as a kind of horizontal Canebière behind. And where else are there long rows of wooden public seats placed underneath trees (again in the Studenterlunden) where people may sit in the evening looking at the passers-by? Palma de Mallorca; Barcelona.

But too surrealistic an impression must not be given. Extending from this extraordinary center is the older city of what was Christiania, with quantities of plaster-faced classic houses reminiscent of Copenhagen, and outside this the modern residential ring and suburbs of a younger, growing Oslo. There are a few beautiful key buildings, such as the copper-spired brick cathedral on the market place and the old Exchange, white and porticoed in a garden of green, sudden as a Colonial mansion in a not-too-Colonial American town. And always one must return to the accessibility of the countryside. One must take, for instance, the Holmenkollen subway at the National Theatre, tunneled only for a few hundred yards, and climb up and up until within only twenty minutes, either in winter with skis or in summer with bathing suit, one is out in high open country that extends for miles.

This little light railway is an enchantment. The climb itself is delightful, winding round the gardens of ascending villas, among birch and spruce woods, often under the beautiful weeping silver birch, past rock gardens and rococo terraces, among houses that spell "holiday" more than "town house"—until the summit with all free air in your lungs and the city stretched out remote as an aerial map beneath.

On the way there is the famous Holmenkollen ski jump—looking like a big banjo tilted on the hillside, its belly the bowl stadium, its arm the fretless skier's run poised against a concrete tower. The bowl can hold more than a hundred thousand spectators; the run brings together the greatest international ski champions; the building itself and its unique ski museum is an event.

Hills and heights such as Holmenkollen surround Oslo. Their wildness may be brought home to you by an elk wandering down into a suburban garden—and an elk in the garden is a problem of no inconsiderable weight. It is the largest wild beast in Europe and of a most morose, dissatisfied appearance.

Across the harbor there are Ekeberg; the fine old step-gabled Akershus fortress winking its copper, heavy with ancient stone; and the Maritime Navigation School, looking from a distance like a gray

Scottish baronial mansion set against the wet green of a sculpted glen.

Between these eminences extend the blue or gray waters of the fjord, sixty-two miles here from the sea, and gentle, no mountains to frown. Fast modern launches ferry you across or take you on a round trip. An hour's chug in and out by islands and peninsulas reveals what a paradisial summer of bathing and boating is here so close at hand—and why the offices close at 3 P.M. As with all these northern sea cities, there are summerhouses dotted everywhere among the polelike trees and the treelike flagpoles. Big public bathing beaches supplement a thousand private rock sea gardens. From midwater you may look back and see what is often hidden when you are in the town—extensive deep-sea quays with a weight of masts and funnels and grain elevators and cranes. Yet only a minute or two away from these you are among islanded trees and the lively leisured life of little yachts and bathing. The gazebos of great villas peer from the firs, and miniature lighthouses rise from the water white and black-spired like water-borne chapels.

Oskar I's royal residence shoots a castellated tower up above the pines of Bygdoy. On a distant darkness of fir tops sits the ski jump like a pale white-winged moth at prayer. And lower down there squats an extraordinary triangular building that carves an immediate question mark across the eye.

A Legacy of Ships

This is a special museum house built for the Polar ship *Fram,* which Nansen, Sverdrup, and Amundsen used for polar expeditions, and which has the distinction of having traveled farther south and north than any other ship. Next door is another museum boathouse containing Hyerdahl's balsa raft, the *Kon-tiki.* But the Bygdoy Peninsula has a third and greater marine presentation—the Viking ships. They are unique. And apart from all historical association they are very beautiful, as satisfying as good Greek architecture. Indeed, there is some parallel to be felt between the sculptured folds of the peplum and the black drapery of timbers curving up to poop and prow. The heavy ancient planking rises and falls with a lovely lightness, the proportions of its rising curve are mathematically satisfying, the final whorl of the great black swan-neck prow both awes and entrances.

There is a lot about the Vikings that we forget. We think of them, for instance, as famous sailors—but they were famous horsemen and skiers too. And their large boat halls have influenced Norwegian architecture, from the old wooden churches to the building of modern cathedrals, such as that at Bodo. However, these ships are the predominant Viking legacy, and on Bygdoy they are beautifully housed among white walls. The *Fram* and the *Kon-tiki,* so near to us in history, command study and admiration; but these Viking ships do more than that: They sailed not only into new and unnavigated seas but also into the less chartable regions of pure, abstract beauty.

Back in Oslo proper, a further aesthetic question confronts the implacable traveler—the Frogner

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Park and the sculptures of Vigeland.

To recapitulate roughly a well-known story, the Oslo municipality gave Adolf Gustav Vigeland a living and a studio in return for all his work, which it agreed to exhibit perpetually to the public. Vigeland worked hard and fast and devotedly, producing a prodigious amount of statuary during a lifetime that ended in 1943. So that now an enormous quantity of statues, of fountainwork, of wrought-iron gates and a giant granite monolith of writhing sculptured forms—colloquially known as the pickle jar without the jar—has been set up in the Frogner Park. Although within the councils of the municipality many a battle was fought over these works, for which the bill, let alone the aggregate of the citizens' emotion, is stupendous, nevertheless the old sculptor's terms have been honored.

THE MAIN theme is the birth-copulation-death cycle, with the naked figures of men and women and children asserting the conflicts and emotions of this fundamental situation. Heavy bronze children stamp and howl, men wrestle with women, a grandfather leads his child by the hand, an advanced fetus stands on its head—the variations are multitudinous. Life is portrayed as an energetic struggle indeed. But, one asks oneself, standing before the writhing figures which are in feeling the products of half-animal, half-Teutonic superman—is it not all too brutally emphasized, omitting the nuances that make man's unfortunate predicament endurable? If this is life, is it not life arrested—which approximates death? A portrayal of frozen movement, rather than of moving life?

Many critics find a flaming genius within this cold apocalypse; there are many more who feel that here is burning earnestness that will not, in the best circles, wash. But however you feel, nature will intrude. In winter, the dark naked figures shiver beneath hats of snow, noses sharp with icicles, and in summer the growing green surrounds and softens, and there are boats on the lake, and real children dressed in bright colors playing among their dark, life-racked prototypes.

The American Aristocracy Of James Gould Cozzens

RICHARD ELLMANN

BY LOVE POSSESSED, by James Gould Cozzens. *Harcourt, Brace. $5.*

The success of James Gould Cozzens' new novel has made him the quarry of a *Time* interview, in which he behaved as outrageously as possible. Discussing his marriage he said, "I suppose sex entered into it. After all, what's a woman for?" The remark sounds too aboriginal for a novelist. In fact Cozzens was not speaking for himself, but was ironically quoting one of his characters, the inadequate hero of *Ask Me Tomorrow*, who regrets the words as soon as he speaks them.

The assumed brutality of the remark is almost a parody of what has come to be Cozzens' chief method, the laying bare of the crass motive, the flawed past, the inadequate response. His books flay weakness, snap off the ship's mast, and then watch to see whether the captain collapses (wrong) or steers all the same into the night (correct). Cozzens would not say so, perhaps, but his theme is close to that of Conrad, the attempt to practice virtue in a world that makes it difficult if not impossible to do so. He complicates the theme by setting it on crowded land and by offering his hero only a choice among expediencies. Even the best choice is unsatisfactory. On the other hand, it is not tragic. We are besmirched but we carry on.

COZZENS' DEVELOPMENT began in *Confusion*, the title of the novel he wrote while a student at Harvard and published in 1924. Its heroine, a young woman with the unbelievable name of Cerise d'Atrée, is too well bred to live, a fact which she humbly acknowledges by dying. But in the meantime she has run pell-mell through a series of yachts, châteaux, millionaires and princes, winemaking in rural France, a private school in Connecticut, an apartment on Park Avenue, estates on Long Island. All this sumptuous folderol becomes pointless and empty for her and for the reader, although it was apparently less so for the young author, who had a chance to demonstrate his intimate acquaintance with fashionable life on the Continent and in America.

Cozzens then switched to a phase of Conrad subjects. He described intrigue and adventure in Cuba in *Cock Pit* (1928) and *The Son of Perdition* (1929), awarding all the honors to strong, efficient men in high positions, but with a passing compliment for peasant pride and stoicism. The second of these novels began a flirtation with symbolism, employing a suave tramp as the devil, which continued woodenly into *S.S. San Pedro* (1931), where the ugly doctor is death. The method justified itself, however, in *Castaway* (1934), where the antagonist is the hero's alter ego.

In *S.S. San Pedro* and *Castaway* Cozzens temporarily overlooked the upper classes, and these are among his best works. Apart from the symbolism of death, *S.S. San Pedro* describes impassively and unsentimentally the foundering of a ship, and the author's singleness of purpose gives it a blunt, massive power. *Castaway* is the strangest novel Cozzens has written. Patiently and analytically, his narrative marred only by the jejune irony of epigraphs, he studies a man shut away in a closed department store; the store, though brimful of all the articles of modern life, is more terrifying and lonely than Robinson Crusoe's island. The hero of this book, unlike the hero of Cozzens' better-known novels, is not a gentleman; he resembles a Kafka hero, but is less personable. Cozzens makes a genuine effort to enter into his low, desiccated mind and yet to see him with some pity. Gradually the department store, with its different levels, becomes the modern mind; Mr. Lecky becomes a

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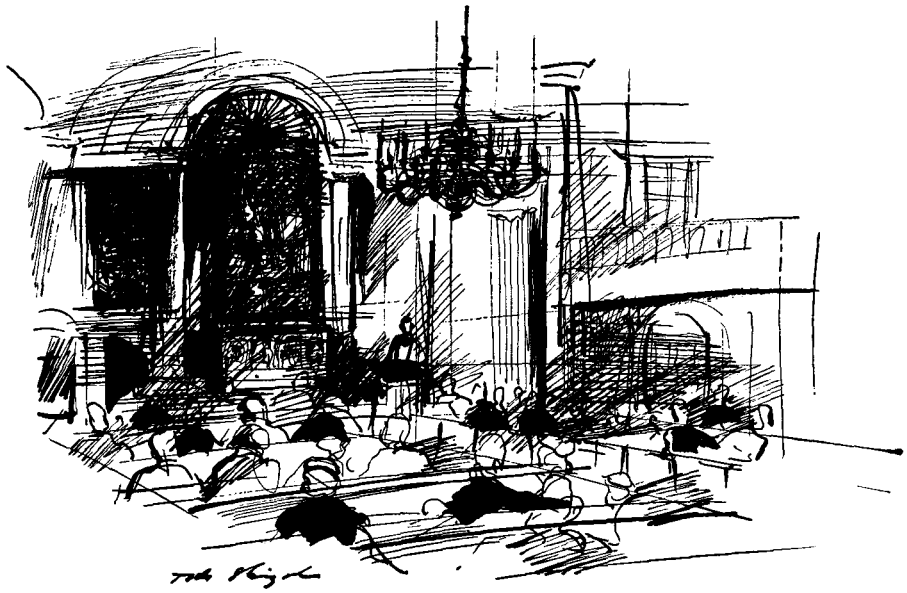
parable: Alarmed by a nameless terror, the castaway encounters in the midst of the department store's plenty a monster, kills him, and then discovers that the monster is himself. *Castaway* stands outside the world of Cozzens' other novels, and is unassailable in a way they are not.

With *Castaway* Cozzens closed off one direction of his work. He decided his forte was the social novel, a decision that has made him popular but has blocked some of his talent. His later novels have dealt with the professions of medicine, the church, soldiering, and the law, and he has turned from private, inward life to public, social life. He has brilliantly mastered each profession in turn, like Zola, so that there is never a doubt of the authenticity of detail. If anything, it is likely that too much of his energy has gone into the successive special studies necessary for verisimilitude. These books display an increasing respect for people with settled positions, and an increasing contempt for upstarts. So *Guard of Honor* (1948) describes the war from the point of view of the officer class, enlisted men being used chiefly for a fatal plunge into a lake. Cozzens' heroes are becoming steadily richer and more Protestant, while his upstarts—Catholics, Jews, or reformers—are sometimes like caricatures and invariably obnoxious. (His Negroes now, because of spotless subservience, fare somewhat better. They *like* to take communion last.) He has, of course, like any author, the right to choose the class he will deal with—Jane Austen did as much—but this kind of limitation is doubled because of Cozzens' obvious distaste for the people into whose minds he will not choose or deign to enter. His books have taken on a tone of special pleading for the upper class that is not to be found in Jane Austen or in other chroniclers of high society like James and Tolstoy.

Yet in *The Just and the Unjust* (1942) and *Guard of Honor* Cozzens has succeeded in presenting almost as ample a picture of life as is to be found in nineteenth-century novels, and with his own characteristic toughness. The first of these books was a preparation for the second; Cozzens had to learn what in his



early Cuban novels he did not know—how to bring in a great many people and incidents and yet preserve concentration and clarity. In spite of several fine scenes the book is a little bare and repetitious. But it gave Cozzens the technical practice he needed for *Guard of Honor*, and the war supplied him with his material. He found in an Air Force base an even more enclosed setting than that of the county courthouse in *The Just and the Unjust*, while the fact of war brought variety and urgency. Consolidating what he had learned of the craft of the large-scale novel, Cozzens gripped firmly a succession of complex incidents, each held tensely by itself and all in ultimate order. *Guard of Honor* lacks the purity of *Castaway*, but it is a brilliant effort to present a society.

The Reckless Archer

Cozzens has approached so nearly the top rank of American writers that one comes to his first novel in nine years with the hope of finding that his sporadic excellence has become constant. *By Love Possessed* proves to be of the same high order as his last two novels, and aims at a slower, more complicated and reflective style and a similar variety of subject. Though objections have been made to the style, it does its work well and suggests that Cozzens is not at all complacent about his past writing.

He has always had the courage to try what is difficult, and here he presents ambitiously a multitude of people, almost all of whom are convincingly real. With them he continues the saga of the upper-middle-class Anglo-Saxon white Protestants that he has set himself to write. Whatever understanding, good sense, and the determination to face even the most secret details of life can do Cozzens does—and it is almost enough.

The story is held together in time and in theme. The time is two days, ticked off by a clock on which a Cupid is about to loose his arrow, and the theme is the varieties of love, ranging from rape to comradeship. Bound in also are the themes of his other books, such as the nice distinctions to be made between *The Just and the Unjust* and the sticklings and challenges of honor in *Guard of Honor*. Some of the contrasts of people possessed by love seem contrived, like that between love in the back seat of a car and love in the hero's bedchamber, but most of them are quite moving.

Cozzens begins his book with an epigraph from Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, in which the king longs for a shepherd's daily tasks instead of the momentous and unpredictable problems that burden a ruler. At first Cozzens' hero, a lawyer named Arthur Winner, seems to lead a settled life, but gradually small details hustle it toward panic. Winner's problem, related to that of Colonel Ross in *Guard of Honor* and of Abner Coates in *The Just and the Unjust*, is to balance prudence and principle. He does not fully realize the ne-

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cessity for this until the third and final section, which Cozzens calls "Within the Tent of Brutus." There Winner's oldest friendships, his love for his family, and his esteem for his own good name suddenly collide.

ARTHUR WINNER'S character is central in the book. Cozzens displays his hero as father, son, widower, husband, lawyer, adulterer, friend. In all these roles Winner, though subject at times to regret and even remorse, is a little detached. One of Cozzens' principal difficulties in his novels has been to find a personality for his hero. He has either made him crusty, like Dr. Bull in *The Last Adam* (1933) and Abner Coates in *The Just and the Unjust,* has split him symbolically in two, like Mr. Lecky in *Castaway,* has eliminated him altogether as in *S.S. San Pedro,* or has presented him as a colorless wise man, like Colonel Ross or Arthur Winner. The hero of *By Love Possessed* is the man to whom others show their wounds, which he searches sympathetically. Too often he is the receptacle of discourse, not involved in the action (unlike Colonel Ross) except unexpectedly in the end, and even then the problem is not of his making but is superimposed upon him.

With a hero who is more busy than involved, the book moves not so much by action as by the examination and then cross-examination of motives. Characters and incidents are gradually unwrapped to the reader's view by a series of flashbacks. This stately turning backward and forward is deliberate, but the ending is not strong enough to sustain it. Sometimes, too, the explanations of conduct are more eloquent than sufficient. As in other works of Cozzens, the conversation, especially when it takes the form of interrogation, is often splendid. But the high-flown chat of Arthur Winner's partner Julius Penrose, who speaks like a character in *Point Counterpoint,* is less convincing. Cozzens is so well read that he finds it hard to resist making at least one of his characters as literate as himself.

Rich, Well-born, and Able

In contriving his ending Cozzens begs the question much as he did in *Guard of Honor.* In that book everyone tries to protect an incompetent colonel named Mowbray, including Cozzens himself, who points out repeatedly that the colonel's error in not providing a rescue boat during a parachute jump did not cause the deaths of the parachutists, who would have died anyway. Cozzens apparently cannot bear to represent a high officer as really at fault, and leaves Mowbray unscathed. In the same way, the other issue of *Guard of Honor,* the treatment of Negro officers, is simplified not only by Cozzens' insistence that nothing can be done about segregation in wartime but also by his contempt for the two officers in his novel who do not agree with him. His political position may or may not be right, but his inability to cope with the problem in fiction makes him reduce these two characters to whiners and bleaters.

NOW, in *By Love Possessed,* Arthur Winner discovers that his partner Noah Tuttle has betrayed his office as trustee. But again Cozzens refuses to allow Tuttle to have done anything really wrong; he has diverted all the money, it appears, to a noble purpose. It is a crime, but a very gentlemanly one. Winner has to decide whether to expose Tuttle at once and lose his own fortune, as he feels he should, or wait a bit and possibly keep it, as he feels he shouldn't. Happily, he is persuaded that he must take the second course; he feels a little endangered but belligerent nevertheless, able to rise again even if he has to give up a part of his picture of himself. There is nothing ironic about this final flouting of possible enemies. Without too much difficulty Winner's character survives his discovery that the greatest virtue does not necessarily reside in transparent honesty.

By Love Possessed is so pleasant to read that it is almost savage to seize upon its flaws. It suffers from being a little detached, like its hero, and from failing to pose a problem basic enough to wear through the author's social preconceptions. In *S.S. San Pedro* and *Castaway* Cozzens faced up to disorder in a way he has not done since; his solutions are therefore acceptably neat rather than overwhelmingly necessary. His sympathy is husbanded too narrowly, and he lacks what Henry James called "the sacred rage." He walks away from us cool, disenchanted, a little superior, pleased to have kept his distance.

The Dentures Are Free And There's Room at the Top

NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVAS

THESE ARE THE BRITISH, by Drew Middleton. *Knopf. $4.50.*

Americans frequently entertain two apparently irreconcilable ideas about Great Britain. They see it as a socialist paradise—or hell—in which a benevolent government cossets its citizens with free medicine, teeth, and even wigs, from the cradle to the grave, and at the same time as the last tottering stronghold of aristocracy and privilege. This judgment is shrewder than at first appears, and one of the principal merits of Mr. Middleton's book is that he shows it bears a reasonably close relation to the facts.

One can understand contemporary Britain only by realizing that while the substance of social and political life has been radically altered, the forms have changed very little, if at all. The trappings of the monarchy, the House of Lords, the Commons, and the judiciary are much the same as a hundred years ago, while the spirit that animates them has been transformed. The philosophy of the welfare state has ousted *laissez faire* and egalitarianism has corroded Bagehot's much-prized deference; the urban middle and working classes destroyed the power of the territorial aristoc-

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racy, the institutional mask remains.

In addition, the English class system has shown a tenacity and resilience that would have amazed Karl Marx; far from falling down at the triumphant blast of the socialist trumpet in 1945, it has to a large extent conquered its new masters. The British upper class, unlike the French, has never been a closed caste, and has always been willing to receive new recruits. The magic circle of privilege that begins in the public schools, is maintained in the ancient universities, and ends in the London clubs has been preserved intact, because all these bodies have obligingly opened their doors wider, for the very sensible reason of ensuring their own survival. It will take only another generation for the new managerial class to acquire the right schools, the right regiments, the right universities, and of course the right accent, and thus be equipped with all the essential paraphernalia of English upper-class life.

Forms and Structure

The forms remain and the class structure survives, but Mr. Middleton does not underestimate the changes that have taken place in the last twenty years. He shows that the standard American image of the upper-class Englishman—well-dressed but not, as the author wickedly notes, impeccably so—and the folksy, smock-clad yokel—unknown outside the publications of the British Travel Association—are totally inadequate impressions of present-day England. Today the England of Stratford-on-Avon is as remote as the America of the Pilgrim Fathers. Modern Britain is a densely populated, highly industrialized, ever more suburbanized nation, where the new middle class is prevented only by high taxation from setting the Americans an example in predatory acquisitiveness and where the nuclear-power program and development of the modern aircraft industry certainly could never have been initiated by a nation of bowls enthusiasts, skittle players, and forelock touchers.

Mr. Middleton of course discusses the monarchy and gracefully makes some of the criticisms that figured in Lord Altrincham's recent outburst. He points out that the royal family has never been remarkable for the scope of its intellectual interests, and there is certainly a tough fiber in the House of Hanover which has resolutely resisted every injection of culture from the time of the Prince Consort to that of the Duke of Edinburgh. But since most English people have slight interest in the fine arts anyway, they have little cause for complaint.

I HAVE only two criticisms of this excellent book. First, it has clearly been rather rapidly revised in the light of the Suez adventure, and the author, since he is an Anglophile, has underestimated the moral convulsion into which that episode threw the entire liberal intelligentsia. Secondly, he has omitted all discussion of religion, and this is hardly fair to a nation that has successively produced the devout Catholics of the Middle Ages, the fanatical Puritans of the seventeenth century, the Methodists of the eighteenth, and the Oxford Movement of the nineteenth, and where today a new and strident evangelicalism has made such swift progress, especially among undergraduates at all the universities. These reservations aside, the book could hardly be better and should be read by all Americans who think it worth their while to begin to understand that curious phenomenon the contemporary Briton.

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General Patton And a Proper Bostonian

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

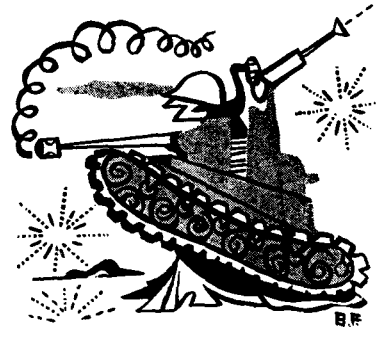
DRIVE, by Colonel Charles S. Codman. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.*

Next to public-relations officers, there are few men in uniform generally held in less esteem by their comrades in arms during a campaign than generals' aides. These are the fortunate few, usually young and personable, who are lifted out of the ruck of common duty to hover at a chieftain's side, running his errands, sharing his comforts, providing his diversions, and enjoying the experience of observing the military great literally as well as figuratively undressed.

General Eisenhower picked as his closest wartime aide the gregarious Captain Harry C. Butcher, USNR, who later published a garrulous memoir conveying the impression that the inner life of Supreme Headquarters revolved largely around bridge evenings and parties for visiting VIPs. But General George S. Patton, Jr., a very demanding sort of leader, chose as his aide a man of different stripe—Charles S. Codman, a reservist also, but one marked by qualifications in foreign languages and by mature international experience plus a valorous record as a First World War combat pilot and a gift for shrewd observation. Codman soon found that serving as aide to the fire-breathing Patton, always ready to rush into the thick of a melee, was anything but a soft duty—particularly for a middle-aged man like himself.

IN THE turbulent progress of his chief's caravan from North Africa to the borders of Czechoslovakia, Colonel Codman had little time for relaxation other than to write an extraordinary set of letters to his wife at home. These now form the substance of a posthumous memoir of singular penetration, wit, and literary grace, far removed from Butcher's collection of topside trivia.

Codman's interest lies not in military chronicling or headquarters tidbits but in intimate revelation of leaders and their followers under pressure. As a document of things seen and felt at the side of one of the most brilliant combat generals of modern history, this memoir invites comparison with the notes preserved by Napoleon's highly articulate aide General de Caulaincourt of his conversations with the emperor when the two coached alone across the snows of Europe after the collapse of the Grande Armée in 1812. Unfortunately, neither Lee nor Grant nor Sheridan



nor Stonewall Jackson had a Colonel Codman riding with him.

Legend depicts Patton as the profane, somewhat uncouth "Blood-and-Guts" martinet who charged across some three thousand miles of African and European terrain with his tanks, alternately whooping it up and tongue-lashing his subordinates while delivering unprintable comments about people in higher headquarters, who were allegedly holding him back. But to anyone who ever had any dealings with him, something has always been amiss with this image of the ramrod bruiser with his Prussian delight in gaudy uniforms, his pearl-handled pistols, and his oddly pitched falsetto voice. For one thing, there are his outbursts of prayerful, most un-Prussian tenderness for the lives of his men. His intense study of history, for another. His accomplished worldliness and curious moments of self-deprecation—as if, even while parading his military muscles and shouting obscenities, he were a kind of troubled Ernest Hemingway among generals.

Writing home, Colonel Codman told more frankly than any State Department exercise has yet done of Patton's and his own dealings with the sultan of Morocco, with the ambidextrous General Noguès, with General de Gaulle (whose chief complaint at the Casablanca Conference was that he had not been allotted a large enough villa), and with General Giraud, repeatedly arrested in *opéra-bouffe* fashion by Patton's own sentries because of a mixup over military passes.

'L'Oncle Sam et le Père Noël'

One day General Brehon Somervell, chief of logistics and procurement, arrived from Washington, and under Patton's eye Codman was ordered to translate his remarks for the benefit of the French in North Africa. "I want you to begin," said Somervell, with a high-level nudge in the direction of Giraud, "by telling this Frog that Uncle Sam is no Santa Claus."

"Mon général, le Général Somervell voulait établir qu'en principe l'Oncle Sam et le Père Noël, ça fait deux," Codman began under the scrutiny of Patton, only to sit in on a session at which this most hard-boiled yet human of American overseas commanders granted the French all that they wished.

CODMAN the gentleman was sometimes repelled by Patton the brassy glorifier of war; yet he also saw Patton as the secret worrier over his men's chances of survival. He saw Patton rage and yell and bounce out of his jeep glittering with stars to direct traffic at an endangered crossroads in battle (an operatic spectacle this reviewer, who also was present, will never forget). He also saw him visit a military hospital and, seeing a dying G.I. there, kneel, doff his helmet, and pray devoutly at the bedside. This was the Patton who walked the hills to gather flowers to lay on the grave of a beloved aide and who studied Thucydides before attacking across Sicily—the man Codman came to admire and cherish.

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BOOK NOTES: France

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE AMERICAN who makes a profession of telling the French that France is not so perverse as French writers make it out to be will find cause for activity in the publication here of two novels by Julian Green and François Mauriac.

From his earliest readings in French literature the struggle has been long and hard for this indefatigable American. True, the author of the medieval *Roman de la Rose* gave him no trouble, since he never learned to decipher medieval French. But already that next rose in French writing, the one the young lady is asked to look at—*"Mignonne, allons voir . . ."*—in the garden to see if it is still dew-fresh, seemed to suggest seduction. And from then on, major horrors from century to century confronted him, demanding that the French be defended against themselves. There came the cruelest of all authors, Choderlos de Laclos, and his cruelest of all books, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. Then, helter-skelter, Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, all painting an unflattering likeness; Maupassant, who hated peasants; Zola, who hated everyone; Gide, who attempted the task of hating himself and gave it up. Until, finally, today this busybody friend of France finds himself facing French writers who make a system of despair and raise an altar to defeat.

What does he do about it? He escapes into dissertations on the gentle, serene quality of the French painters, as if Frenchwomen could be made into the nymphs of a Corot landscape, as if French bourgeois life could be as graceful as a Paris garden or living room by Vuillard or Bonnard. He parades through all he writes the procession of poplar trees that border French roads, adding the true-to-life touch that, driving a car at night, it is by the headlights on those trees that a turn in the road can be foreseen at a distance. When he gets tired and particularly tiresome he plays the game of facile oppositions: Paris, he points out, is not the Champs-Elysées or even the Jockey Club—inserted here is the erudite reference to Tissot's painting of Proustian elegants on the Jockey Club balcony; Provence is not Cannes and the Riviera; the girls he knew when stranded in France after one war or the other, stranded with quite a few dollars, did not in the least resemble the heroines of Françoise Sagan—and here is the romantic reference to the woman of the streets, noble-hearted, who once befriended him when he was drunk.

This kind of defense of France, the dialectic of the real as opposed to the fictitious, is both futile and assuredly comic. After all, French writers of talent, not to speak of genius, have not been wasting their time in the past or in the present describing landscapes that do not exist in France, or ingeniously creating characters that could not possibly live in French cities, towns, villages, or even hermits' caves.

The American friend of France misses the point when he says that Sartre's thinking is not in accord with the genius of France, that this novel or that defames the French people. Such an attitude is fascist, Nazi, Communist, and ridiculous. The only possible approach is to say that Sartre's thinking is wrong thinking, false in the sense that a mathematical theorem can be demonstrably false. France has nothing to do with that thinking. Similarly, the only way to evaluate upleasant novels—written by French authors about their compatriots or by American novelists about ourselves—is to measure them in terms of humanity, of human experience. Nationalism has nothing to do with them.

In Julian Green's novel *The Transgressor (Le Malfaiteur)*, the author describes houses that border a quay in a provincial town. They were not without "dignity." But their "arrogant gateways and interminable balconies . . . spoke of material success and business briskly transacted till the last gasp." Such houses, perhaps in Bordeaux or Lyons or in

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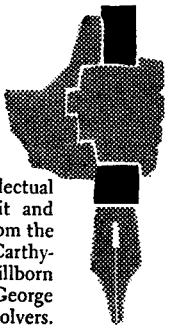

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a smaller town along the Saône, undoubtedly have delighted the American friend of France; unhappy at seeing them filled by Green with the traditional rapacity of the bourgeoisie, he automatically peoples them with young ladies practicing the piano, boys dreaming of adventure. All he need do is ask how townhouses get themselves built anywhere. By holy angels? But when Green writes a sentence such as "After all, she could not delay too long in coming, the old nurse who brings tired children home when the day is done and their eyes fill with shadows, and their toys no longer amuse them, the old nurse with a face veiled in black, who watches over us with an all-devouring love," there is no longer any question of France. There may be a question of a Belloc poem vaguely recalled from Green's reading of English, or of Greek veiled figurations of death, but that does not matter either. The grave cadence justifies beyond geography or race the somber tale Green has to tell.

Mauriac's *Lines of Life* (*Destins*) is somber too, and its atmosphere as stifling. In both novels the pure are defeated by the impure. Impossible love moves hopelessly beneath a lowering ceiling of dark clouds. A strange Catholic neo-Calvinism weeps restrainedly over the pure who are damned.

Things are not always so, even in France. *Faraway* (*Le Pays où l'on n'arrive jamais*) by André Dhôtel is a most refreshing and delightful game, a sort of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, played and won by children and a horse against the adult world.

THE GREAT nineteenth-century critic Sainte-Beuve never went in for all this France-does-not-matter business. He believed firmly that there was such a thing as a French classic tradition and that all writing must be measured against it. He was ugly, unpleasant, jealous, traitorous—and his devotion to letters was absolute. Harold Nicolson calculates that his critical articles—five thousand words a week, the famous *Lundis*—totaled two and a quarter million words. In addition he wrote a novel, *Volupté*, a state of contentment he was by an accident of birth unfortunately ill constituted to enjoy, and poems. Both the novel and the poems concern, only too obviously, the greatest adventure in Sainte-Beuve's life, his liaison with Victor Hugo's wife. Mr. Nicolson goes into the development and consequences of this love affair in unsparing and embarrassing detail, and justifies his doing so by demonstrating its effects not only on the critic's unhappy personal life but also on his attitude toward literature in general and French romanticism in particular. Sainte-Beuve, who ended by detesting the romantics, was yet the perfect suffering illustration of one of their main principles: the contrast between the noble and the grotesque. He was Quasimodo; his Esmeralda was French writing. He devoted five brilliant volumes to the noble history of the Port-Royal reform within the Catholic Church, and finished disillusioned with both Catholicism and reform. He was elected to the Academy, and it is the measure of the sympathy Mr. Nicolson arouses in us for him that this success pleases us still.

Sainte-Beuve misjudged all and every one of his contemporaries. He thought Stendhal un-French, *The Charterhouse of Parma* "an Italian masquerade." He described Balzac as "sweating at every pore with drunken self-satisfaction," and his *Peau de Chagrin* as "fetid." *Madame Bovary* failed to "console." In 1865, writing on the poets of the age, he made no mention of Baudelaire at all. Rejecting the masterpieces of his day, Sainte-Beuve refused to see that their creators were to swell the numbers of those great French writers he recognized so clearly, served so well, and did not envy—because they were dead.

THE TRANSGRESSOR, by Julian Green. Translated from the French by Anne Green. *Pantheon. $3.50.*

LINES OF LIFE, by François Mauriac. Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.50.*

FARAWAY, by André Dhôtel. Translated from the French by Stephen Becker. *Simon and Schuster. $3.50.*

SAINTE-BEUVE, by Harold Nicolson. *Doubleday. $5.*

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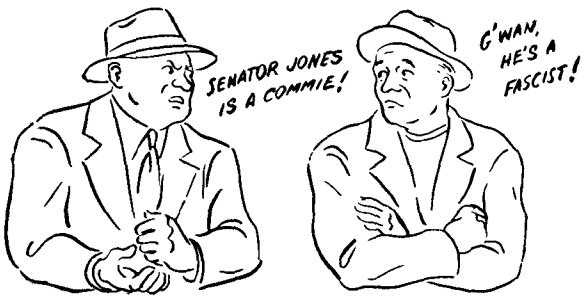

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